



THE MISSIONARY SHIP OF THE SOCIETY FOR THE FURTHERANCE OF THE GOSPEL (S.F.G.)

No. 104. Vol. IX.

DEC., 1915.

PRICE 4d.

LABRADOR.

EXTRACTS FROM THE STATION REPORTS,
JULY 1st, 1914—JUNE 30th, 1915.

Makkovik.

The War.

IN reviewing the past year our hearts are this time filled with very special thanks to God. When the war broke out last summer various exaggerated reports reached our coast regarding the increase in the price of foodstuffs, and the prospect of a time of famine; with the result that the majority of our people were filled with anxious thoughts in view of the coming winter and the future in general. But "hitherto the Lord hath helped us," and He will help us furthermore. Towards the end of the winter there was, it is true, a certain amount of want in some places, but no one had to suffer hunger, as is now the sad lot of thousands in Europe.

For the rest, the wave of excitement created by this terrible war touches our solitary shores but little, especially during the winter months, when no fresh news whatever could reach us.

We have also not yet heard whether the *Harmony* arrived in London safely last year. (This was written on July 12th last.—Ed.); but we confidently hope it did, and we often made it a matter of prayer. God grant that we may soon again be permitted to welcome her in our harbour. (The *Harmony* did not reach Makkovik this year until August 2nd.—Ed.).

Church Work.

The work at this station has gone on quietly. During the summer and the winter the people were visited at their different fishing-places. On Festival Days during the winter they came here in larger or smaller numbers, according as the weather happened to be at the time. We had specially large congregations at the end of February, and again at Easter and Whitsuntide. On Maundy Thursday four persons were admitted to the Communicant congregation by Confirmation, viz., one unmarried man, two unmarried women, and one widow in advanced years, all of them Settlers. The widow is 64 years of age, and had been a candidate for Confirmation for more than fifteen years. However, she had hitherto been too timid to ask to be confirmed, as she considered she was not able to commit to memory the answers which it is customary to put to the candidates on these occasions. As soon as we heard of this, and at the same time were informed of her wish to take part in the Holy Communion, we gave her to understand that an exception would be made in her case, on account of her great age, and the majority of the questions would not be put to her. Then at last she was confirmed and eagerly and gladly participated in the Lord's Supper.

Notwithstanding some cases of backsliding and various other disappointments, there is, we can confidently assert, true spiritual life among our people, and the power of the gospel is evident in their lives.

On New Year's Day two of our members, viz., Wilson Andersen and his sister Bertha, were appointed chapel-servants. Both of them are true believers, and have proved by their walk and conversation that they are earnest followers of the Lord Jesus. William Andersen has a decided gift for holding services.

School Work.

It was a great joy to us to be able to conduct the Boarding School during the winter months. The attendance was better than it had been in the previous year. Bertha Andersen, whose name we mentioned just now, has again done the cooking, washing, &c., for the children, free of charge, with zeal and ability.

As regards the erection of the new School-house we are glad to be able to report that progress has been made. The shingle roof has been completed and painted, the sides have been clapboarded, and the windows fixed. We only wish it might be quite ready for use in the coming winter; but the difficulty of erecting a building like this by means of free labour of the

members is increased in a place like Makkovik by the fact that the members live so far apart, and some of them never come to the station in the summer. We need to exercise patience, and patience will receive its reward in due course.

Finance and Industry.

On account of the poverty of the winter the Church contributions of our people have fallen below those for the year before. Plenty of foxes and other fur-bearing animals were caught, but there was little or no demand for them, and prices were so low that many would not part with their skins, whilst others, who sold, were only able to buy the most necessary things with the little money they received.

Health.

Speaking generally, the health of our people was good. In addition to the cases of typhus, of which mention was made in our last year's Report, three more occurred during the summer months, and during the Spring of the present year there were again two cases of this insidious disease. Strange to say, it does not spread; all the same it has been pronounced to be typhus by several doctors.

Dr. Grieve, of Battle Harbour, paid us a visit during the winter. He operated on a Settler woman here, who for months had had a large ulcer on her thigh. After the operation she stayed here in our house for some weeks and was nursed by us.

We were refreshed in our solitude by visits from the Brn and Srs. Bohlmann and Asboe, who after Easter in turn spent several days with us.

The whole of these our local affairs appear small and insignificant at the present time, under the weight of the world-war that is raging. Thank God, we have not been molested in the least. (Not long after this was written Mr. Lenz was summoned to St. John's, Newfoundland, along with all the other German members of the staff, where the option was given them either of being interned as alien enemies or of promising on oath not to assist the enemy in any way. They all adopted the latter course, and were allowed to return to their posts on parole.— See Editorial Note on this subject.—ED.)

B. LENZ.

Hopedale.

Changes in the Staff.

A complete change in the personnel of the Mission staff at this station took place during the summer of 1914. Br. P. Hettasch, who for some years carried on the missionary and medical work here with much acceptance, removed with his family to Nain. The post is now occupied by Br. Perrett, who, with his wife, returned from furlough in England, and Br. H. Asboe, who, with his wife, arrived from England. Br. and Sr. Asboe are new members of the Mission staff. Br. Asboe was born here 25 years previously, and is, of course, glad to be able to commence his

missionary work at the station where he was born. There was also a change in the Trade department. Br. S. Woodward, who had been employed for three years in that branch of the work, found it unsuitable to his taste, and, quitting the service, returned to England. His place was filled by Br. E. Bohlmann, who, with his wife and son, arrived from Okak in September.

Such complete changes, so often quite unavoidable, are not loved by the Eskimoes. They like things to run in the same groove from generation to generation; but there is sure to be more or less alteration in some things when a new man arrives, and this is especially the case when the whole staff changes at once. After a short time, however, missionaries and Eskimoes get accustomed to each other's ways, and life jogs merrily on again.

Br. Asboe, who has had a year's course at Livingstone College, found medical work as soon as he arrived. Two fresh cases of typhoid fever were notified, besides a severe cold which spread among the few people residing at the station. Typhoid was epidemic here all the summer, although Br. Hettasch had done all he possibly could to prevent it spreading. Absolute isolation is, however, practically impossible among the Eskimoes, who have so little knowledge of hygiene and of infectious germs, and who are so strongly grounded in fatalism.

A Case of Thieving.

It has often been our boast that the Eskimoes of Labrador are one of the most honest races of people it is possible to find, and we tell of the full trust we can place in them and the perfect confidence we have that they are not addicted to thieving. A case of theft of Mission property is almost as rare as a case of murder. Hence it is very seldom that a missionary locks either door, cupboard, or drawer. But in October we thought some Eskimo must at last have taken advantage of an opportunity to get a little cash easily. Late one evening Br. Perrett discovered his study had been quite recently entered and a considerable sum of money extracted from the Post Office till. The council was informed next morning, and they at once took steps to try and discover the thief. The whole congregation was called together and enquiries made. All were disgusted to think an Eskimo should be accused or even suspected of such a meanness, but they thought it quite possible that a Settler lad, who bears a very doubtful character and an unenviable reputation, might have been wicked enough to do the deed. But the lad had left Hopedale that morning, so we could not accuse him. When we met him two months later we asked him point blank what he had done with the money he had stolen. It was the only way to get at him, for in addition to other bad features he is a terrific liar. But we felt sure of our ground. Though he several times denied having taken any money, he at last gave in and offered to pay back the cash. In this way suspicion was again entirely removed from the Eskimoes.

Question of Firewood.

A continued succession of storms and heavy weather made it almost impossible for our Eskimoes to raft firewood in the autumn, and the intense cold was filling the bights and bays with ice. The Mailboat, by which we had ordered a supply of coal, had apparently given up coming so far north, and we were greatly concerned as to what we should do for firing. The only thing we could see to fall back on in case of dire necessity was the garden fences. We cannot very well do without firing during a Labrador winter, and oil stoves, which we had already made good use of, began to prove too weak to resist the cold air that seemed to penetrate into our rooms. But our anxiety was greatly relieved on November 4th, by the unexpected arrival of the Mail Steamer with our supply of coal. We were equally glad to receive our mail, as six weeks had already passed since we had received any foreign news. With wood for fires we had to be very stingy till well on into the winter, when the days were longer, the cold less intense, and the Eskimo, on his daily trip to the forest about ten miles away, able to haul a little more wood than he required for his own consumption, and which he could then sell to the store. In the spring our people were glad to have the opportunity of selling firewood, as it was the only means they had of earning a livelihood. We can now look with satisfaction on a two years' supply of firewood.

Seals and Furs.

The catch of seals in the autumn was not great at any of the sealing stations, but most of our people who were living on the islands or in the bays were fairly successful in trapping and shooting foxes. Some had over twenty skins when they returned to the station in December. But the price of fur is very low. The European war has so affected the fur market that buyers are by no means anxious to purchase skins. This is so very different from what has been the case of late years. Competition has been keen and prices have been very high, so that trappers have been a little independent, and, in a way, able to force a high bid for good skins. Now all at once there is a great drop, and trappers almost find it difficult to dispose of their catch. We have heard of one or two who, though they had received good offers for furs, had held them over from last year, in the hope that prices would rise still higher; but now they reckon their loss on the fur by hundreds of dollars.

Father Christmas.

At Christmas we made a slight innovation on the usual Labrador Christmas custom, notably on Christmas Eve. The customary and indispensable Christmas Eve Service, with its turnips and wax tapers, was held at 4 p.m., and at the close we invited the children and any adults who might feel inclined so to do to come to the church again at 7 p.m., as there would be something to see. This was an extraordinary assembly, and we

herewith tender our heartiest thanks to friends at Twerton, Bath, and at Perth, Scotland, for having so kindly provided us with the wherewithal to hold this gathering. The nature of the gathering had been kept quite a secret; so some, supposing it to be merely a magic lantern display, remained at home. But they afterwards lamented it. For Father Christmas paid us a visit, and his bags were full of dolls, picture-books, and playthings of all descriptions, which he freely distributed among the children.

The Winter Session.

The winter session, *i.e.*, from Christmas till Easter, is a very busy season for the Labrador missionary—in fact, one man alone, without the aid of the native helpers, could not manage all that is required of him. Daily services, school, English and Eskimo confirmation classes, festivals, missionary journeys, &c., &c., constitute some of the work, besides being “at home” for the Eskimoes any hour of the day to hear their complaints, troubles, temptations, struggles, &c., and give them a few sympathetic words. It is sometimes very trying, and tiring, to sit for half-an-hour or more and listen to their little tales of woe. It often all amounts to nothing in the end, but they feel the need of opening their hearts and having a good talk, and to whom shall they turn but to the missionary? One only makes them uncomfortable and dissatisfied by being short and impatient with them. Some of the apparently trivial things are possibly mountains in their lives, and they sit and cogitate over them. When they are in such a state a good talk does them good and lightens their hearts, and a scrap of sympathy is a great comfort to them.

School Work.

The Eskimo School was, as in previous years, entirely in the hands of two of our native helpers, Ambrosius and Johanna Assa, and we are glad if they can get the children to read and write, and learn the catechism and Scriptural answers. The Srs. Perrett and Asboe held night school, two evenings weekly, for two hours, for upwards of four months for the big lads and lasses, trying to teach them English, and Sr. Bohlmann also joined with them in giving instruction in sewing and knitting. The Settler School was conducted by Brn. and Srs. Perrett and Asboe. We trust that all the young folk who took part in these classes will have profited, both through the teaching and through the good influence extended to them.

Death of Edward Mitchell.

During the year we have lost two chapel-servants by death, *viz.*, an Eskimo sister, whose upright, Christian life was a powerful testimony to the saving and keeping power of God, and our Settler chapel-servant, Edward Mitchell. Both are hard to replace. Mr. Mitchell is much missed by all, for he was the friend of all. Living about 20 miles from Hopedale

in a bay much visited by our Eskimoes, his house was always open to any who might seek shelter there. Occasionally there would be ten or fifteen people living there for days together. The whole winter through they are seldom without guests, but the flour barrel is always full enough to provide bread for all. It was, in fact, a common saying among our people that Edward Mitchell always had plenty of everything because he gave away so liberally. His abundance was God's reward for his generosity.

Our three male chapel-servants have all willingly taken part in holding services, and are listened to very attentively by their fellow-countrymen. This may not be very brilliant, but they are in earnest, and are certainly a great support to the missionary in his work.

W. H. PERRETT.

Okak.

Changes in the Staff.

Another ship-year in Labrador has passed, and the time is here to send you a résumé of the past year's work.

Last year changes were made in the staff at this station. For the Hospital, Dr. and Mrs. Barlow came out from England, to relieve Br. and Sr. Bohlmann, who had had temporary charge with Nurse Walmsley. The nurse eventually returned to England, and Br. and Sr. Bohlmann went to Hopedale. As assistant for the Store there came Mr. G. Jaeger. Br. and Sr. Townley were transferred from Nain to Okak, to succeed Br. and Sr. Waldmann, who should have returned to the Fatherland for a much-needed furlough. But the great and terrible war on the Continent of Europe rendered a furlough in Germany impossible, so Br. and Sr. Waldmann decided to remain here and have rendered great assistance in carrying on the church work.

Undesirable Visitors.

As usual, during the summer of 1914 schooners were in the neighbourhood and where our Eskimoes congregate to prosecute the codfishery. Now and again some of the Newfoundlanders came to look round. Sometimes a few of the fishermen stayed the night with the Eskimoes in their houses. On the whole this visiting and mixing with our people here and elsewhere, ashore and on the schooners, does not exert a beneficial influence upon our Eskimoes, and experience has led the missionaries to earnestly desire, and pray and work for, its decrease in Okak and elsewhere; consequently, in the course of conversation, Eskimoes and Newfoundlanders have been advised to avoid too free an intercourse with each other for their bodies', souls', and Saviour's sake. Last Summer a few schooner-men applied for reading-matter, tracts, &c., and the little we had we

gave to them. Medical attention was also sought and received by fishermen. One fisherman, an old man in the last stage of pneumonia, was brought to the Hospital. Shortly after his entrance he died, and was buried in the cemetery here.

Sickness and Deaths.

During the past year we have been preserved here in Okak from serious epidemics. Nevertheless, nine children have passed from this life, also two adults, one from senile decay and the other, one of our female Helpers, from tuberculosis. Early in June, this year, one of our Eskimoes, a man 30 years of age, lost his life by falling through the ice in one of the bays, where he was for trout-catching. His body was not recovered. We were sorry to hear of his sudden and unexpected end, particularly as the man's record, in store and church, was not very good. In the course of the winter we had some serious conversation with him, and he manifested a desire to know more about Him whom we preach and serve.

Early in May, Br. Bulmer, our storekeeper, was ill and unable, for a short time, to carry on his duties. His ailment is of such a nature that it requires further treatment; so, under medical advice, he will return to England by the first opportunity.

Towards the end of May a sad accident occurred in one of the bays. Through the carelessness of the father, who was enjoying himself with his wife and others playing cards in another tent, two little boys, brothers, obtained possession of their father's gun and cartridge pouch. The boys managed to load the gun with ball cartridge and discharge it in the tent. The ball passed through the tent, struck a log, and was deflected into the thigh of their big sister, 17 years of age, who was playing with others outside. The result is that the girl will probably be a cripple for life.

Economic and Financial Matters.

Last summer the codfishery was only moderate and many did not clear their accounts in the Store. In the autumn the sealing was a total failure. The spring sealing has also been very poor. During the winter fresh meat has been very scarce, only a few birds and a few deer among the many people in Okak. At the beginning of the winter foxes showed up well and a good few were caught. But, owing to the war, prices of fur were very low, and consequently, through low selling and the high buying prices of provisions and, last but not least, through improvidence, our people have been very poor. Consequently, throughout the winter poverty has reigned in Okak, compelling us to dispense poor relief in excess of last year.

Owing to the poverty, &c, of our Eskimoes church financial affairs have suffered somewhat. For church support \$8.99 (£1 17s. 5½d.) only has been received—over 100 per cent. less than last year. For Foreign Missions, \$14.72 (£3 1s. 4d.) was brought together—150 per cent. less than last year. For school

purposes, out of 40 scholars only three paid this winter's school fee of 40 cents (1s. 8d.). In this matter we cannot maintain that the parents and others have done their best or their duty, but we trust that with time and more prosperous seasons they will do, at least, their duty.

Church Services.

The Church Services have been held regularly, and were well attended, and we have had some assistance from our male helpers. Missionary information has also been regularly imparted. In school, from November to Easter, three classes were carried on by the Brn. Townley and Waldmann, with the assistance of an Eskimo woman for the infants. The Srs. Townley and Waldmann had the girls, once a week, for instruction in knitting and sewing. Though poverty often hindered the regular attendance of many scholars (owing to their being compelled to help their parents), the children acquitted themselves very creditably at the examination.

At the Holy Communion Services we had good attendances, also on all the Church Festival days. Passion Week, Christmas, and New Year are the important seasons here, and we trust they were special seasons of blessing for all. This year, on Palm Sunday, after due preparation, eight persons—four married and four unmarried—were confirmed and added to the communicant list.

Village Life.

In the village, life has gone on much as usual. At this station we have seven male and seven female helpers and four Council members. We believe all have striven to do their duty to the best of their ability. May more power and grace from on high be given them, to influence their fellow men for good. In the course of the winter, the Helpers and the Council had to deal with one wife-beater, and last summer one wife-beater had to appear before a magistrate. Beer-makers and drinkers have also given trouble. Card playing, by some, has also been in evidence. Married and unmarried persons thirteen females and seven males—have had to be placed under Church discipline, and twenty-four persons—ten females and fourteen males—we had the pleasure of restoring to their status in the congregation. We sincerely hope these and all will constantly look unto our Lord and Saviour, the source of all strength and grace, to keep them, not only from gross sin, but from all evil.

For health and strength enjoyed, and for blessing vouchsafed to us during the past year, we thank and praise our Lord and Master, and entreat Him for a double portion of His Spirit, to faithfully labour on, leaving results to Him. We also thank all friends and helpers in other lands for their prayers and gifts, and pray the Lord to bless them.

S. J. TOWNLEY.

Hebron.

The Spiritual Life of the People.

The spiritual work among those entrusted to our care has been carried on in the same way and with the same interest and devotion as hitherto; but we cannot report any special results. The power of darkness is still great, and the devil maintains a hold on those who serve him; nor does he find this difficult, since the majority of those who are fairly well off are willing servants of his, and the rest have no desire, at any rate in matters of sin, to be behind the former.

On the whole, the services are well attended, especially on Sundays. Those held during the week might be better attended. With respect to these latter there are only too many who allow themselves to be prevented from being present by the cold or by windy weather, and some also by the darkness. Or they play football, and are not disturbed when so engaged by the sound of the bell. And when we prohibited play during service time, many went to their homes instead of coming to church. They pay good attention when they are present; but they soon forget what they have heard, and even if some of them do acknowledge that they ought to mend their ways, they lack the strength to make a new beginning, for which reason conversion is put off by many until their end approaches.

At the beginning of the present year a sermon preached on Matth. xvi. 1—4, had a particularly rousing effect on some, and these made a fresh start, so to speak, in the Christian life; but we do not venture to predict that it will last long. Others only wanted to know whether they personally were aimed at in that particular sermon!

The spiritual tone of the congregation is apt to vary somewhat, according as the people are situated economically. If there has been a good year, self-complacency and indifference to spiritual things soon become manifest in the life and demeanour of our members. On the other hand, if there is scarcity of food and other things, there is also more desire for help in spiritual matters. The reason for this is that our Eskimoes more or less consciously take it for granted that the Lord is specially pleased with them when He sends them plenty, whilst, in the other case, they imagine the opposite to be true.

School Work.

The Day-school was again divided into two classes, and Sr. Simon again took charge of the knitting class. In the first class there were only girls, six in number, and in the second, five boys and two girls. Our old approved teacher, Natalie Morhardt, was obliged to relinquish her post, as she was almost blind. Altogether the hand of the Lord has lain heavily on this particular family. The only remaining daughter, not yet twenty years old, died last autumn of consumption. Besides which,

thus far the grandchildren have all died when they were two and six years of age. And on October 31st last a little boy, three years old, was eaten up by dogs. The little fellow, in a moment when he was not being watched, ran out of the house, probably intending to pay a visit to another family. There were a great many dogs about at the time, and on the way he was attacked. No one saw what actually happened, but in a short time everything except his head and one of his little feet was devoured. These two parts of his body were saved by a woman. That was a sad day indeed for the Morhardts, and one could not but share in their sorrow.

Confirmations.

During the previous two years no Confirmation service had been held here, for no one seemed to desire it. However, at the beginning of the present year several persons expressed the wish to be confirmed, and on Palm Sunday four women were confirmed. We would have liked to see a few men coming forward too, for the male communicant membership is very small. Only one man gave in his name, but we could not see our way to pass him for Confirmation, much as we would have liked to do so. We trust the afore-mentioned four women will remain faithful to their vows, and will endeavour to walk in the strength of the spiritual food imparted to them.

Externals.

Outwardly the past year was not a plentiful one for our people. To begin with, the trout and fish catch was not particularly good in the summer, and many were only just able to pay their debts, whilst others failed altogether to do so. Then they hoped for a good seal-catch, to make up for all deficiencies; and it was also hoped that good prices for the fox-skins that had been taken would bring in many a little luxury. But the seal-catch was almost entirely a failure, and the foxes, whose pelts had lost their great value through the terrible war that is raging, were none too plentiful either. Thus, there was very little money available. One man admitted that he had spent his money too freely during the previous year, and that it was his own fault that he was now obliged to ask for assistance. Others, maybe, were of the same opinion, but only this man opened his mind to us.

Towards the end of the winter two polar bears were sighted from the station, and everyone was sure they would be killed. However, one man, who very much wanted to have them all to himself, drove them away when he saw he would not be able to get them.

A little variety was created during the winter by half a dozen reindeer which were killed at the far end of the Bay.

Matters of Health.

In the matter of health we had a good time on the whole with our people. There were only a few serious cases, and perhaps

in connection with one of these the presence of a doctor might have been of some use. This was in the case of a young married woman who died after child-birth. She was one of the silent ones of the earth, and did her best to walk in the footsteps of her Saviour. It was not easy for her to do this, for at the house of her father and mother-in-law she never saw anything that could do her any good.

Another young woman died at Napârtok; but whilst she was still at the station last autumn we had a talk with her about her approaching end. Her mind was quite easy, and she told us that she was content with the way the Lord was leading her. She died quite happily.

In August of last year the oldest man in Hebron departed this life. In March of that year he celebrated his seventieth birthday, and he had for some years been unable to earn a living, owing to his having had a slight seizure. We confidently believe that the Lord has received him into His kingdom and therewith also in the Heavenly Mansions. The rest of those who died here were little children.

Visitors.

The *Harmony* brought us during the summer months all that we required, and left us for the last time on October 26th. On her last journey from St. John's she had very stormy weather and reached us in a battered condition.

In September (1914) the Rev. S. M. Stewart, of the Colonial and Continental Church Mission at Fort Chimo, arrived here on board the *Harmony*, and asked to be allowed to wait here for the mailboat which was to take him and his motor-boat to Killinek. Unfortunately the mailboat did not turn up, and Mr. Stewart had to remain here for four months. Finally, on January 7th, 1915, he started on his journey with three sledges.

On January 4th, quite unexpectedly, Dr. Barlow arrived from Okak, and there was a good deal to do. There was no one who was seriously ill; still, January 5th was a busy day, as many of the people came to see him about their ailments. Early on January 6th the doctor left us to visit the people at Napârtok.

Visits Paid.

Our people at Napârtok, Saeglek, and Ramah were again visited by Br. Simon, and the outward journey was accomplished without accident or harm of any kind. On the homeward journey from Ramah, however, the brake failed us going down the last hill, and as it was very slippery the sledge bumped up against some stones and upset, with the result that Br. Simon and one of the men received severe blows, but they were not badly hurt.

Hunting and Fishing.

The last winter was, we consider, a mild one, and we had not much snow. All the same, water for domestic purposes was plentiful. After Easter some of the men went reindeer hunting,

but only a few of them brought home any spoils. Later on they were more successful. Some also went to the edge of the ice and succeeded in catching a few seals.

The winter ice broke up rather quickly, and already on June 21st a strong wind drove it all out of our Bay, and we have seen nothing of it since.

At the time of writing our people are still away. Some are catching trout, others are seal-hunting. Here at the station the audiences are accordingly small at the services, but we pray all the more diligently for those who are absent.

We commend our people and ourselves to the prayerful remembrance of the Home churches. H. SIMON.

REPORT OF THE MORAVIAN MISSION HOSPITAL, OKAK, FOR THE YEAR 1914-15.

The general health of the people of Okak has been good during the past year; yet at the Hospital we have been kept busy, as may be seen by the following details:—

Out-Patients.

1,865 attendances in the out-patient room, 59 dental cases.

These numbers are only those of actual sickness and accident; they do not include the many attendances made by the people to obtain medicine, dressings, &c., in case of need while they are away.

The dental cases are practically all extractions. As usual, milk and suitable foods have been given to those patients who were too poor to get any at the store.

Visiting.

In the course of the year 435 visits were paid to patients in their own houses.

Travelling.

Last August and September, visits were paid in the motor boat to fishing camps and schooners in the vicinity of Okak.

In January, a journey was made to Hebron, and many patients seen there—including one child whom it was necessary to anaesthetise for an operation on the throat.

On the way back to Okak, a night was spent with some settlers, and a small operation performed on a baby.

In April, Nain and Hopedale were visited. At Nain, a boy was operated on for empyema, Mr. Hettasch giving the anaesthetic, and other sick people, both Eskimoes and settlers, were seen and visited. Many settlers were also visited at their houses between Nain and Hopedale, and also at Davis Inlet.

At Hopedale, one convalescent case of typhoid fever was seen and other less serious cases: owing to difficulties in obtaining dogs, Makkovik was not visited this year.

As head driver I had, on both trips, Johannes—who used to drive for Dr. Hutton—and very good and trustworthy I found him.

In-Patients.

Eighteen in-patients have been admitted.

Anæsthetics.

Thirteen cases of general anæsthesia.

Twenty-two cases of local anæsthesia.

In concluding this report, I have to express very many thanks to Mr. W. Bulmer for the great help he has always been so ready to give in the indoor and outdoor work of the Hospital.

W. R. BARLOW, M.R.C.S. Eng., L.R.C.P. Lond.



ALASKA.

REPORT of QUINHAGAK, JANUARY to JUNE, 1915.

Health and Food.

THAT we have received the help of our Lord through another half-year in our work, is a fact we can report to our Mission Board and friends at home. From danger, harm, and severe sickness we and our people have been protected. There are, as nearly everywhere, some sick ones here. There is old, blind Magoluck, ready to leave this world, if the Lord calls her, with a frail body, but yet always cheerful and thankful. Another younger widow has some kind of sickness, we know not what, and we do not know whether she will ever recover; but except for these two none of our people has been really sick. There have been sore fingers now and then, but nothing serious, and all of the children have been able to attend school, unhindered by sickness.

Naturally, on account of the low fur prices, caused by the war, our people had to depend more for their food on the products of the land, which, after they have been able to buy, and to some extent also accustomed to use, imported goods, is not a very pleasant move, but all could live and remain well.

The Spiritual Life of the People.

To give now a true report of the spiritual life of our people is not so easy, as we do not see the heart and, perhaps, often judge

wrongly, expecting more than reasonably can be expected. For example, once a number of men showed but little inclination to come to the week-day meeting. When speaking with them on the subject, it could be seen that it was simply carelessness and ignorance, for they did not know that lives never are without being in some way an example, either for good or for bad—Matt. 12, 30. In our former report we mentioned that in another village a shaman had been called to the bedside of a sick child. On our visit there in February we talked it over again with that family. It really did them good to talk it over; they wanted not only to be understood, but wanted advice and comfort. It was their only child, whom they loved and wished, if possible, to keep. No doctor was near to whom they could go, and their faith in our Lord was still weak. After they had been told how we can trust our Saviour always, and how almighty He is, but that, knowing and seeing our future, He cannot always do as we wish—like a good shepherd, who has sometimes to take a lamb and carry it across a stream, so that the older ones may follow—it seemed their sorrow was all gone, and new trust entered their heart. It was indeed a blessed evening which we spent with these people and their relatives, and they expressed their thankfulness freely. We see also on such occasions that the people outside the stations or without a Helper have but little chance to learn more of God's Word. Our visits are unavoidably short, and they have no books from which they can learn more for themselves. But it is encouraging to see that our visits are welcomed. Everywhere where we went this last winter, the people were glad to hear the Word of God. Especially along the coast and at Togiak the people showed their gratitude and willingness to listen, and when leaving they always asked us to come again. It would be good if these people could be visited oftener, but the great distance and, this year, the bad roads prevented it. If a missionary couple could be stationed at Togiak, all of the nine villages on the river and on both sides could be reached easily. It would be a splendid field. Altogether seven trips were made this winter by us and our Helper, Ivan. Five adults and seventy-two children were baptized and one person "received." The Helpers have all tried to do their share of work. Helper Neck unfortunately has been sick all winter, and very sick too; yet, since he had taught the young men his writing and had instructed them, meetings were always held in his village. The last report was encouraging, stating that Helper Neck's health was improved.

From October to the end of March, once a week, the younger people had one hour singing and one hour playing of games in the evening. Everyone—14 to 15 of those who understand enough English—liked these evenings, and singing is a pleasure to them. It can be mentioned in connection with this that it is truly remarkable how many gospel hymns they, and also the school children, know. Towards the close of the school term, when fewer attended, the weather being very often disagreeable

outside, they would remain in school after school hours and hold meetings or love-feasts, one acting as leader. The numbers of the hymns were written on the blackboard, and they would sing one hymn after another. We all enjoy singing, and like to hear it—glad if the children grow up singing.

Sunday-school for children, for younger English-speaking ones, and for adults, was held every Sunday. In Sunday-school, as also in other meetings, whenever practicable, the people were taught that our Christianity is intended to be not only for church but for daily use, and should be visible in every workday in the week. So the seed has been sown throughout this season again, and, we hope, not in vain.

Weather.

In our former report we mentioned that the weather until New Year was exceedingly changeable. We can only add that the same condition still exists, only to a greater extent. January was rather mild; February—as a rule mild—was this year very cold; while March brought us really spring weather, which took all the snow away from the tundra, and made travelling more or less impossible. It seemed as if we were going to have an exceptionally early spring. People accustomed to go to their spring hunting-grounds had to go before Easter, since the roads began to be dangerous and hard. On that account we held the Holy Communion before Easter. Soon after Easter the river opened and everyone thought summer was near, as some ducks and gulls were also seen. But April proved to be a friend of winter. There were few days with warm weather, but many with south and north storms, cool, with rain and snow. That under such conditions the health of all has remained so well, makes us thankful.

School.

School was held again until the end of April. The children were willing to learn, and have learned, as could be seen in their exercises at Thanksgiving, Christmas, and Washington's Birthday. On such occasions the parents are glad when they see their youngsters doing so well. Several white men who were with us on these occasions also enjoyed it greatly, and the District Superintendent, who was here at the end of January, was pleased with the work.

Mail and News of the War.

We have received the monthly mail. Everyone, even the natives, longed for the mail carrier this winter more than at former times, because everyone wishes to hear whether the terrible war is over or how it stands. We who are from the outside know how terrible it is, and wish for a speedy end. The natives, never seeing many people, cannot understand how so many people can be at war, and so many killed, and yet people left living. It seems they do not like the Russians very well. Several times when told that the Russians had been beaten, they

said : " That is good, if they are beaten, for we have been always more or less afraid they would come here to Alaska again." Others had other reasons for being afraid. They use, and depend now so much on, outside clothing and other things that they were afraid all the people who manufacture such articles might be killed and no more of such goods could be sent here. Others have a very high opinion of Commissioners, the only real official known here, and called " Kilechkista," meaning the one who ties the people, all-powerful person. They said someone should send such a Commissioner there and arrest those warring people, that would soon end the war. Unfortunately, there seems to be no such mighty man available anywhere.

Temporal Work.

May has brought us as usual much temporal work ; the boats had to be made ready, and the gardens attended to ; but seldom has the weather been so favourable here in Alaska as this time. It was warm and dry, without storm, and although still in May, the thunder has rolled a number of times. Now the time has come again to expect the ship, and so ends the time for our report. Wishing that all the friends of our Mission may continue in intercession for us and the Mission work, which through the war will be so much delayed, we are

A. STECKER,

BR. AND SR. F. T. SCHWALBE.

—From *The Moravian*.

NICARAGUA.

By Br. G. R. Heath.

IT is not generally known that the Republic of Nicaragua consists of two parts, which widely differ from one another in climate, scenery, population, language, and general conditions. To the west of the 85th meridian will be found the greater part of Nicaragua's 620,000 people. According to official statistics only 1,200 or so of these are of pure European extraction, many of the rest being pure-blooded Indians. But, in contrast to the Indians of Gautemala, those of Nicaragua have so entirely intermingled with their conquerors that the ancient languages have entirely disappeared from ordinary use. It is said that in certain remote places a jargon of

mingled Aztec and Spanish is used when ancient popular ceremonies are observed; and certainly there are words of Aztec origin incorporated into the everyday Spanish of the people; but otherwise all the tribes have been melted into one homogeneous Nicaraguan people. Apart from the difficulties which confront evangelical work in all Romanist lands, the colporteur among these people often meets with the barrier of illiteracy. Since 1898 the Central American Mission has carried on a courageous work in this western half of Nicaragua. But the labourers are all too few.

East of the 85th meridian the mountainous land of the west begins to slope down toward the Atlantic; and here begins the great forest land of Nicaragua, traversed by long and winding rivers. In this part of the country the rivers are the only roads, and these are rendered very difficult to the traveller by the frequent cataracts and waterfalls. Population is very scanty indeed, except along the great Wangks River, until the neighbourhood of the Atlantic coast is reached. The forest country, though very wild, is also very fertile; and of late years increasing numbers of hard-working *peones*, or agricultural labourers, from the West have taken up land as squatters along the rivers. These men as a rule are quiet and courteous to strangers, except when under the influence of drink. Away from the control of priests, they have slowly learned that the Protestant missionaries with whom they sometimes come in contact are worthy of confidence; and they will with real gladness accept any offered literature, for it affords them a diversion from the tedium of forest life. Many Gospels, Testaments, tracts, and Spanish periodicals have been distributed among them, those who cannot read being glad of a gift too, for they hope some day to meet with someone who will be able to read aloud to them. As yet, however, such effort has not, so far as is known, borne definite fruit in the conversion of souls to God. One hindrance is that the missionary is looked upon as a well-meaning foreigner, but yet emphatically as a foreigner—a bearer of “Saxon” culture as opposed to Latin, and therefore as one with whom one may be friendly, but not identify oneself. For these *peones* of the West find themselves almost in foreign surroundings on coming East.

The whole Atlantic coast of Nicaragua, together with the eastern triangle of Honduras, and a narrow strip of the Coast of Costa Rica and Panama, formerly constituted the Kingdom of Mosquitia, which the kings of Spain were never weary of claiming as their property, but which they could not conquer. So close was the friendship between the Mosquitian kings and the English that the whole coast considered itself, and not without reason, under British protection, until, in 1848 and 1860, owing to international jealousy, the kingdom was dismembered, only a small portion, containing a small minority of his subjects, being left under the immediate rule of the King of Mosquitia, who thenceforward was known as the Hereditary Chief of the Mosquito Reserve, and was compelled to acknowledge Nicaraguan

suzerainty. Nicaragua finally annexed the Reserve in 1894. The chief tribe of the ancient kingdom, from which it took its name, was that of the Miskito, or Miskuto, Indians. During the first half of the last century these were decimated by smallpox and other diseases, and to-day scarcely number many more than 10,000 in both Nicaragua and Honduras together. But they are by no means "dying out," as is so often and so wrongly asserted. They are essentially a mixed race. English, Germans, Swedes, Americans, Africans, Chinamen, and Central American "Spaniards" have mingled their blood with that of the original Indians. But the children always take the language of the mother, and follow the ways of her nation; and so it comes about that the purest Miskuto is spoken by some of those who are of most mixed descent. Where, however, the immigration from Jamaica and Belize has been strong, the Miskuto element has been overwhelmed, and English is spoken. This is especially the case in Bluefields, Pearl Lagoon, and Corn Island. Bluefields, the capital of the Coast, is a town of about 5,000 inhabitants. About half of these are now Spanish-speaking; but these have come during recent years. The natives and owners of the soil are English-speaking *creoles* of mixed descent—Indian, African, and European. They form, it is believed, the largest *native* Protestant community in the six republics; for the Protestant Churches in Port Limon and Colon are made up of immigrants. These people love the Word of God; and, as in the West Indies, almost everyone who can read possesses a complete Bible.

In connection with both the Moravian Church (founded 1849) and the Anglican Church (founded 1892) there are flourishing Bible Reading Associations, fostered mightily by the Sunday-schools. Even in connection with the Roman Catholic Church (built 1899) the writer knows of cases where the priest encouraged the children instructed by him to learn by heart the Gospel appointed for each Sunday. The Protestant Day-schools, of course, lay great stress on the use of the Bible. Were the means forthcoming, the establishment of one or more well-equipped institutions of higher education in this bi-lingual town would be an investment that would repay the Protestant Churches a thousandfold in future years; for since the Estrada Revolution of 1909 the voice of the citizens of Bluefields is becoming more and more respected in the counsels of the nation. Of late years many banana farms have sprung up on the lower reaches of the Bluefields River and the Rio Grande some sixty miles to the north. Here the West Indian labourers always welcome the colporteur, particularly if he be a man who is qualified to preach to them also; for the missionaries, though working hard, cannot visit them very often.

From the Rio Grande northward Miskuto is the language universally used, except at the gold mines and the trading-posts. The mission-stations here are all carried on by the Moravian Church. The language is not a difficult one, but for many years very little translation was done, because the Mosquitian Govern-

ment and the people themselves wished English to be taught. Meanwhile, however, a trained linguist, the Rev. F. E. Grunewald, was at work investigating the language, assisted greatly by the practical ability of the Rev. P. D. Blair, a native of Jamaica. Under existing circumstances, to attempt to substitute English for Miskito could not have been other than a failure; and when this was recognized translation was begun. The Four Gospels and Acts in good idiomatic Miskito were the work of the Revs. Blair and W. Sieboerger, and were printed in 1889 at the expense of the Bible Society of Herrnhut, Saxony. Meanwhile the Rev. H. Ziöck's Miskito dictionary, and Bishop A. H. C. Berckenhagen's Miskito grammar proved such a help to the students of the language that several other hands completed the New Testament, which was published jointly by the Herrnhut Bible Society and the British and Foreign Bible Society in 1905.

The close of all non-Government schools by President Zelaya in 1899-1904 was a great set-back to Mission work; but, as the Zelaya Government guaranteed freedom in purely religious matters, reading classes were started for old and young, at which nothing was taught but Bible reading, numeration (necessary for finding the place in any book), and the singing of hymns. It is the writer's belief that this obligatory concentration upon one subject rather furthered than hindered the cause of Bible reading. In 1911 the Estrada Government proclaimed freedom of education; but practically the only schools among the Indians are those carried on by the Mission; hence the circulation of the Scriptures is entirely in the hands of the missionaries at the different stations. Besides the New Testament, fifty Psalms are in print, and also a collection of Bible stories in Bible words, prepared by Bishop Berckenhagen. Other translations exist in manuscript only.

The Sumu Indians, a tribe of pure blood but ever-diminishing numbers, have a language, or rather two languages, of their own; but all the men and most of the women speak Miskito. There are two congregations of very earnest Sumu Christians, but many are still heathen. The Rama Indians are now rarely met with except on a small island in the Bluefields Lagoon. They are all Christians, with the exception of a very few isolated families, and have their own lay preacher, who is supervised from Bluefields. All speak English, although some still keep up the ancient Rama in their home life.

The Indians as a class are not fond of books. But the experience of the last ten years has shown very clearly indeed that, while the Word of God is quick and powerful by whatsoever means it is spread abroad, it produces the strongest Christian characters when it is received into the heart by personal, earnest searching and steadfast meditation. It has been those who were willing, as far as possible, to study for themselves who have gained the clearest light on the mystery of Christ's Cross and the privilege of the Holy Spirit's in-dwelling. Some are beginning to assist the missionaries in the keeping of services at the stations

as well as on evangelistic tours; and thus have encouraged the hope that, although there are still many hundreds of heathen to be won, especially on the Wangks and in Honduras, and although the staff of foreign missionaries is too small adequately to cope with the tasks, we may nevertheless go forward courageously and possess the land.

From the *Bible Society Record* and the *Moravian*.

BOCAY.

By Rev. G. R. Heath.

Seven years ago, in April, 1908, the Gospel was proclaimed to the Indians of the Bocay region by Rev. G. H. Grossmann, who found Miskitos and Sumus alike ready to hear. The Spanish-speaking people of Bocay village also gave a cordial reception to the missionary and his message. Various circumstances prevented Mr. Grossmann from paying a second visit; but Rev. B. Garth, in January, 1910, again made an evangelistic tour through the district, and again met with an encouraging reception, which, however, he also was prevented from following up. Not until the present year (1915) could a third visit be paid.

Up the Wangks River, through the Rapids.

The regular local travels of the Sangsangta missionaries extend as far up the river as Kiplapini, the last village below the great Wangks rapids. Leaving Kiplapini (on the Segovia, or Wangks River—Ed.) on April 14th, with a Sangsangta Christian, an experienced boatman, as captain of our pitpan, and four Kiplapini men as our crew, we soon passed the Auawas rapids, and came to the much-dreaded Tilba. The rapids of the Upper Wangks are of a peculiar form. Those of the Wawa and other rivers generally consist of a bar of rocks thrown across the river, over which, as over a weir, the water pours down, forming a cataract. The immense rocks of the Wangks, however, are arranged more or less parallel to the banks, sometimes for two or three miles, the river flowing through a deep, crooked channel, or through several such channels, forming small cataracts here and there. In flood-time most of the rocks are covered; but mighty whirlpools are formed, one of which, right in the middle of Tilba, has a funnel eight feet deep. This whirlpool has been the death of many, who, travelling down stream, have ventured to shoot the rapid, instead of landing, unloading the cargo, and letting down the boat gradually, guiding it from the bank with ropes. It being the height of the dry season when we passed, the river was very low, and we poled through Tilba's two miles of rocks without difficulty or danger; and after a bend or two of the river came to Kairasa, a rapid of equal length, but including

two places where cataracts are formed. Here we unloaded, and used the rope to haul up the boat. Captain Washington remaining in the stern to keep the end of the long, narrow pitpan from being battered on the rocks. The upper cataract, however, although steep, did not seem very bad, so a few of our things were left in the boat. The crew and passenger, standing on the rocks, were hauling at the rope, when suddenly the bow went under water. We at once slackened; but the boat, although now in calmer water, dipped sideways and began to fill. Two of us ran round the rock to save whatever might be afloat, and saw Washington emerging from the river on the other side of the channel, and the boat lying in its place, but bottom upwards. Our flour was saved, but wet. Our cooking utensils, machetes, and demijohn of good water (for Wangks water is not exactly of the purest description) were gone; and, though the Indians are magnificent divers and swimmers, the great depth of the river in this channel made recovery impossible. Nothing else, however, was lost, and no one was hurt; the Indians seem to think such happenings quite the normal thing, and keep very cool. After getting through Kairasa, we came to Kisubila, where we kept service and spent the night, and where we were able to borrow the necessary pots and machetes for the rest of the journey.

The next day, passing by Krautara and Siksayerri with a greeting and a promise to stop on our way down, we crossed several minor rapids and reached Sisintyalka. These villages scattered among the rapids are quite small, containing about half a dozen houses each. Unless a visit is announced beforehand, the best time to catch the people is night and morning; for at other times they are likely to be away fishing, hunting, or in their provision-grounds, which are often some distance away from the houses.

Evangelistic Work—the Message delivered.

Whenever possible, I make a point of visiting each house, and personally inviting the people to come to "prayers." And they come quite willingly, and listen attentively as they sit on the ground in the pinelight, sometimes making remarks or asking questions which show that they are at least in some measure taking in the great Story of Redemption. To heathen, as to children, the proclamation of the Gospel must be essentially a historical message, a declaration of the mighty works of God. For our faith rests on facts, not on philosophy. And the facts of our Lord's incarnation, life on earth, passion, resurrection and ascension, together with the sure promise of His coming again, though they contain the deepest and sublimest thoughts in the universe, are yet readily intelligible to the untutored and ignorant Indian. But while our message occupies itself mainly with the facts about Christ, there is another set of facts that have proven most invaluable as shedding light on the meaning of our Lord's atoning work. These are the facts recorded in the Old Testa-

ment, especially in the accounts of the Creation and the Fall of man. Not mere story but genuine history are these Old Testament records ("no lie is of the truth"), and missionaries of all lands give a remarkably unanimous testimony to the marvellous way in which God Himself bears witness to His Word. Here at last the Indian, tired of wading in the deep mire of the sorcerers' traditions, plants his feet on the rock of certainty. Groping half-unconsciously after God, he has been so completely deceived by the devil that instead of arriving at the knowledge of God he becomes more and more estranged from Him. Now, in the light that shines from the Cross, he begins to see how great that estrangement is; but yet at the same moment beholds God's mighty reconciling love. Now comes the Old Testament narrative completing the chain of facts, and explaining how his desperate condition came about, and how from the beginning God made preparation to heal him, and now in due time has fulfilled His promised word. "Christ died for our sins *according to the Scriptures*." Not in any sense whatever is heathenism a "preparation for the Gospel," excepting only in so far as that the heathen has himself experienced its utter helplessness and harmfulness, and therefore can turn with relief to God's loving wisdom unfolded in His word of salvation. After service, cordial thanks are invariably expressed, and we still sit around, or recline in hammocks, talking with our hosts. Sometimes the talk is still about the message we have brought; often it is about wild hogs, fish, the price of rubber, floods, and other very mundane concerns; but these matters also have their value. The Indian, though beginning to admire the beauty of the Gospel, takes time to grasp all its bearings and to make up his mind. When finally the glory of Christ shines into his very heart, he needs no longer the testimony of man; but meanwhile, in coming to a decision about what he has heard, the element of confidence in the missionary has also its part; he feels more sure that the missionary's wonderful story is true, when he finds him to be a disinterested and faithful friend in the various concerns of daily life.

Sisintyalka and Beyond.

Sisintyalka is beautifully situated on a high bank surrounded by hills, between which the mists gather and make the night very cold, the houses having no sides at all. The night's rest is also apt to be sorely disturbed by the blood-thirsty fleas which abound in these villages; for these Indians believe in keeping the pig in the parlour; and swine of all sizes, together with a host of lean dogs, sleep on the mud floor close by and often under their owners' bamboo beds. But there are no mosquitoes in the villages of this part of the river.

Of the next day five hours were spent in ascending the rapids of Kiwrass, which are more than two miles long, and contain three separate cataracts. About half-way up there is in the rainy season a whirlpool as large and dangerous as that of Tilba. The

middle cataract is a perpendicular fall, but there is a narrow channel on the Honduras side by which this can be avoided.

Near the foot of these rapids there are a number of rocks on which curious figures have been engraved. The engravings must have been done many centuries ago, for they are considerably water-worn. Several of the figures seem to represent the face of a monkey; indeed, the name of the rapids would appear to be a Miskito corruption of two Sumu words which mean "stone monkey." One very curious design was unanimously declared by my boat's crew to represent an alligator. His head being downwards, he seems to be in the act of plunging into the river. Close by is the figure of a dog; but as he is wagging his tail and is going away from the alligator, he has evidently fared very differently from most other canines in their encounters with alligators. Another figure is an exact representation of the impression of a jaguar's foot. Other engravings depict tortoises; others are fancy patterns. Who made these writings, and what they mean, is a mystery. The Sumus say emphatically that their ancestors did not make them. The Miskitos certainly did not, for they have come to the Wangks in comparatively recent times; and their idea is that the inscriptions were made "long ago, in the time of the devils." A few, with considerable hesitation, incline to attribute them to the Wiswis tribe, who are said to have been closely related to the Sumus, and to have inhabited the great savanna lands at Sakling and Saulala. A curious line of little cairns, stretching in a straight direction from Saulala to beyond Auanak, are said to have been made by them. Legend says that the Miskito kings oppressed them cruelly, but that they frequently outwitted them by the use of a withe, named *dar*, which when tied around their necks rendered themselves and their houses invisible. In spite of this sorcery, however, their position became intolerable, and most of them ran away to Honduras and disappeared. The remnant went higher up the Wangks, and are said to be the ancestors of some of the people around Bocay. According to this tradition, then, the Wiswises made the Kiwras inscriptions on their journey up stream. But the fact that there are similar petroglyphs on the Wawa, Prinsapolka, Tuma, Wruswas, and probably other rivers, goes against this explanation. In several villages I noticed calabashes beautifully carved with the same fancy patterns that occur at Kiwras. Some even had the simpler forms of the "monkey face." The owners all insisted that these patterns were one and all impromptu inventions, and served the purpose of identifying their calabashes. As calabashes among the Indians take the place of cups, plates and dishes, and as they are very often stolen, the reasonableness of the explanation is evident. And as to the Kiwras inscriptions, they certainly do not give the impression of being a connected whole; and I think it certain that the individual engravings are not ideograms, or anything at all similar to Egyptian hieroglyphics. Rather do they probably represent the pictorial art of some forgotten race.

The White Bat and the "Water Tiger."

Some distance above Kiwrass we came to a village which rejoices in the gloomy name of Raiti (the grave). It is the largest settlement between Kiplapini and Bocay, and contains sixteen houses. Here we kept services and spent the night. The next day a short journey brought us to Burimak, where we spent Sunday. An empty house (without sides) was placed at our disposal. Soon after we had made ourselves comfortable, we saw clinging under the palm-roof a small snow-white bat. Some felt sure that it would suck our blood in the night; so it was killed, but turned out to be a perfectly harmless creature with very beautiful fur. But now, as no one present had seen such a white bat before, some declared that its coming was a bad omen; others that it was sent by an evil spirit, or was even more likely itself to be an evil spirit; that the man who killed it would soon die of a pernicious fever, and so forth. It took some time to calm the fears of the women especially. We also heard of what seems to be a more substantial cause for terror—the "water-tiger." This creature is said to live under water in holes in the rocks where the water is deep and calm. It is of the size and general appearance of a jaguar, but with black, glossy hair like that of an otter. It has webbed feet, and stumbles along awkwardly on land, but is very swift in the water. I was told of various animals that had fallen victims to it, and even of a man who was knocked out of a small canoe and eaten. The Indians claim that they have several times shot at such a creature, but never killed one. Since my return, a water-tiger is said to have killed two horses and a dog about twelve miles below Sangsangta.

The next day, Sunday, Indians came up from Atiwas, and a number of Spaniards came down from Tawawas, to attend the services. The heathen scandalised Captain Washington by interposing eager questions as I explained some of the Bible pictures I had with me (the gift of friends in Philadelphia); but I was glad of so much intelligent interest.

"Yalok and his Servants."

Early next morning we set out again, and on passing Tawawas the Spaniards signalled us to stop, and presented us with quite a quantity of ground-provisions. Soon afterwards we came to a most picturesque group of steep hills which the Indians call "Yalok and his servants." The summit of "Grandfather Yalok" is scarcely more than six hundred feet above the river; but the side nearest to us was an almost perpendicular precipice; so that the Indians consider Yalok the greatest of all mountains. Actually, the "servants" are a little higher. Yalok, according to the Indian myth, was once a house, where lived a number of relatives of the great Panamaka, ancestor of the Bocay Sumus. Panamaka was a great sorcerer, and one day, changing himself into a boa-constrictor, he swallowed his niece's three sons. In a strange way, however, they came to life again, and flying up from the sea in the form of birds, they prepared a great banquet of

fermented cassava-beer at Yalok, to which they invited Panamaka. Panamaka brought his magic flute; but they had now become magicians also, and with their flutes overcame Panamaka, whom they killed and cut to pieces. The rocks and stones on the edge of the river opposite Yalok are the petrified remains of poor Panamaka. Panamaka's wife, who was at her home on the Bocay River, was informed of what had happened by the dead man's parrot, which had vainly shrieked incantations to bring the body back to life. This story is told by the sorcerers at the carousals of the Bocay Sumus. I give this outline as an interesting specimen of Indian thought; but it has been necessary to suppress a number of the most obscene and revolting details.

(To be continued.)



SURINAM.

WITH A MISSIONARY SUPERINTENDENT ON AN
OFFICIAL VISIT.

By Bishop J. Taylor Hamilton.

THE Superintendent is Bishop Voullaire, of Surinam. The visit is paid to Koffiekamp. You may find this village of Bush-Negroes of the Djuka tribe near where the Sara Creek, dotted with claims of gold-digging companies, empties its tribute of waters into the river that has lent its name to the Colony (*See Mission Atlas of 1907*). Here rather more than two hundred Christians worship under the lead of J. Bergwijn, native evangelist and school-master, who serves this filial of Ganzee under the responsible guidance of the Rev. Marius Schelts. It is Br. Bergwijn's annual report for 1914 that makes it possible for you to know how an experienced missionary leader pays such a visit of inspection and encouragement.

This visit lasted from the 31st of July to the 5th of August last year, and was distinguished by the fact that the wife of the Bishop accompanied the official visitor. In this length of time it was possible not only to thoroughly inspect Koffiekamp, but also to go to a number of neighbouring villages embraced in the district served by Br. Bergwijn.

It is a Friday when the people of Koffiekamp welcome their honoured guests, and brief greetings are exchanged during the hour of evening service. The minister of Ganzee is also present; hence after this service a detailed plan for the ensuing days is formulated, and we are told "all is arranged to the satisfaction of the bishop." Moreover, there are all manner of matters to be inquired about and to discuss, for the good evangelist has not seen the bishop for nine months, and the visitor has various directions to give.

Saturday morning is devoted by both the guests, under the guidance of the minister and the evangelist, to several villages of heathen Djukas—Kampoe, Maripaondro, Ritsjan and Kriki. The last-named is the largest and was the seat of the well-known chief Bakoe, of unsavoury memory. He died in June, 1910, and some years later offerings were brought to his spirit in the village of Kampoe, that he might be induced to protect the place from the ravages of an epidemic. For years he and Brokohamaka, on the Cottica, had been the leaders in opposition to the Gospel among their people. At each place a halt was made, and the people were gathered together and the bishop spoke to them about Jesus in such a manner that they could not fail to comprehend his message, Christians and heathen alike. Here and there the bishop's wife found a point of vantage from which to make a picturesque sketch of the village. Says Bergwijn: "In the largest village, Kriki, the bishop found a friend, a certain Amade, general manager for the chief god of the heathen and preparer of amulets and charms under his guidance, and a main hinderer of those who would become Christians. He is an old deceiver and my great opponent. But six of his children have become Christians and he has ten other little children in addition. When I paid him a visit on New Year's Eve, he said to me: 'As long as this war does not cease, I will not have myself baptized. for I see that the whites are entangled in war, though they always say that it is not lawful for Christians to kill anyone. You must take care that you are not dismissed as evangelist; for if it continues in this way there will not be any more need for a church.' A genuine scorner. But I treated him kindly." Hot though this tramp from village to village was, the forest cast a pleasant shade, and the picturesque scenery compensated for weariness, as the way led over hill and valley.

In the afternoon those members who were under Church-discipline had been summoned for private conference with the bishop. Fifteen heeded the invitation, nine remained away. "Thank God," writes the honest evangelist, "they blamed neither the minister nor myself, as though we had allotted discipline arbitrarily for our own satisfaction, but told the bishop exactly how it stood with them. And it came clearly to the light, through his questioning and their replies, that it will not do to live as a heathen or lead an immoral life or live carelessly and then expect to enjoy the holy communion. The

bishop spoke lovingly like a father with each one, and sent each home with good advice, suited to the particular case."

On Sunday, August 2nd, the service was opened by the bishop at 9 o'clock. His sermon was based on 2 Timothy, 2, 19. Then he received three persons into the fellowship of the congregation. In the afternoon he presided at the celebration of the holy communion, and preached again in the evening, on Proverbs 23, 26. Nor were the day's duties yet at an end, for finally a conference was held with the minister and the evangelist concerning various matters that would make for the welfare of the congregation. This was necessarily done now, since early next morning Br. Schelts had to start for Ganzee.

Monday morning had been set apart for the inspection of the school, attended by possibly some forty to fifty boys and girls. Both Br. and Sr. Voullaire will show these scholars their personal interest. As usual the evangelist-schoolmaster opens the session with a hymn and with prayer. He follows the roster for the day and calls up first of all Old Testament history. It is the story of the Golden Calf to-day. After he has heard the lesson in his way, the visitor catechises the children freely, not only testing what they have learned for to-day, but going back to the former lesson, &c. Then study after study is taken in hand, Sr. Voullaire examining the girls and Br. Voullaire the boys. As usual, when visitors are here, the good schoolmaster is almost in despair at a trait shown especially by the "lazy girls," as he calls them, but shown too by the boys, if not in the same desperate degree—their speaking in such an undertone that one could scarcely understand them. But surely there is an explanation for this, for "they show that they have voice enough, when they go down to the river bank or are in bathing, or when they are beginning to quarrel!" Yes, it comes about in the following way: at home the children are taught not to speak loud in answering adults, and especially persons from the city—it is a token of respect, and they are shy before whites.

"Fortunately I have not a gentle voice," writes Br. Bergwijn. "or one might think that they have caught this habit from me." After the bishop and his wife had finished their examination, the records of attendance were gone over, and all who had attended regularly from the 14th of January to the end of July received a prize, the boys medallions, and the girls mottoes, and all of them pens, lead pencils, and picture-cards with Scripture texts. Nor did the visitors forget to admonish them to be diligent both in attendance and in their studies. With thanks to them the children went home, happy in being granted a half-holiday in honour of the visit.

But in the afternoon they came together again, for the bishop and his wife had arranged games for them, shooting at a target (presumably with bow and arrows), foot-races, blind-man's buff, tug of war, &c. Grown-up persons came to look on, and all had an enjoyable time.

In the evening the congregation assembled in the church to hear the bishop relate various stories that made for the edification of all.

On Tuesday the villages along the Surinam were visited, the route being Kampoe, Boejoebaka, Redidotti, Alazabaka. In Boejoebaka there are only four heathen. One of these four was the owner of the idol-pole which Schelts and Bergwijn forcibly removed in 1909, and he still exemplifies to the Christians all that is heathenish. The largest of these villages is Redidotti. Here Bishop Voullaire related a good deal about Mrs. Hartmann. It will be remembered how this heroine of the Mission came to Surinam with her husband in 1826 and with him served in Paramaribo and Charlottenburg till his death, when she remained in the Colony, and four years later, in 1848, volunteered to go alone to Bergendal, which was without a missionary. Then the desolate condition of the small congregation at Bambey, a day's journey above Koffiekamp, appealed to her, and here year after year she was a prophetess and schoolmistress to the people of the Bushland, till the approach of death compelled her removal to Paramaribo. Now, so long as the Bishop pronounced her name correctly, he could get no reply from any of the old people as to whether they had known or heard of her. But at last a very old man asked, "About whom is he speaking? Is it about 'Missi Hattiman'?" "Oh yes," came the replies then. "We knew her. We went to her school, and she taught us how to read. But afterwards we forgot it all again. Missi Hattiman was a very dear, good woman!" The captain of this village, Redidotti, is a very, very old man, far advanced in years. When he was a little fellow of four or six years the treaty with the Djukas was renewed by the then Governor of Surinam, Baron van Bentinck. So long as he preserved his faculties, he would tell his people of those olden days. But now his memory fails him. With him the bishop spoke much about the love of Christ and of the happy lot of those who fall asleep in Christian faith, telling him of one or another of his fellow-countrymen, among the rest of Pathe, of Wanhatti. Then Bergwijn proceeded with him to the village of Alarabaka, twenty minutes' walk from Redidotti. Meanwhile the wife of the Bishop remained in order to make several sketches and to paint the portrait of the old chief, Acedre. Two young men would later escort her safely back to Koffiekamp. Unfortunately very few people were found at Alarabaka, but the few were called together, that they might receive a message from Jesus.

This is the last village of the Djukas on the Surinam River, and the limit of the sphere of Br. Bergwijn's operations. Everywhere the heathen received the visitor to their camps with marked friendliness, and listened to what he had to say to them with courtesy, testifying at the same time that Bergwijn was no stranger to them.

The return trip to Koffiekamp was effected by boat, the paths having been found very muddy. But now the visit was to be

suddenly interrupted. For there lay a letter, awaiting the Bishop, sent by the Warden of the Mission, and conveying the startling and sad news that war had broken out in Europe. It was a thunderbolt out of a clear sky, dreadfully sad news, that of course necessitated the return of the visitors to Paramaribo as soon as possible. Therefore a farewell service was arranged for the evening, when the Bishop communicated to the assembled congregation the impressions he and his wife had received. Credit and praise were given without stint where they could truthfully be given, for the encouragement of all. But the weak spots in the character and life of the members, young and old, were also very openly and plainly pointed out, and they were earnestly exhorted and admonished to amendment. Finally the congregation was commended to God's gracious care and blessing.

Sharp at six o'clock next morning the Bishop and his wife took their places in the boat, to be brought to the point where the railway meets the river, and so made their way home by train.

Such a visit makes a heavy drain on the physical and spiritual powers of the visitor. But it is of incalculable value for an isolated congregation in a region where much heathenism abounds, with all that this involves for the deterioration of Christian life, unless the Spirit of God is permitted to govern the daily conduct and the point of view of believers. It brings a native worker correctives and stimulus to a degree that more than repays for the outlay of time and energy that must be expended. The native leader and his congregation come to realize something of the fellowship of Christians in the wider sphere, are reminded that they really constitute a part of the one Universal Christian Church. And it is of special value for the girls and women of such an outpost when the wife of the Superintendent finds it possible to accompany him and supplement his work.



EAST CENTRAL AFRICA (Nyasa).

MBUKILE, A NATIVE EVANGELIST IN GERMAN EAST AFRICA.

By a Member of the Mission Board.



MBUKILE was born in Safwaland, that wild, mountainous region which rises north of our mission-station Rungwe to a height of between nine and ten thousand feet. Here in the many inaccessible ravines of this craggy region his tribe has sought to

hide itself from the raids of the robber-chief of the Sangos, Merere. Shyness had become their second nature ; so that many years passed, after the commencement of our Mission in Nyasaland, before our missionaries really made the acquaintance of the Basafwa. I do not know the motive which led the father of Mbukile to come down to Kondeland, and, apparently, settle in the vicinity of Rungwe. Here he died, and committed his children to the care of Br. Meyer, with the words : " Do not whip them too much ! " Apparently, therefore, the children of the Basafwa are not usually handled with gloves !

Mbukile was born about 1880, was therefore eleven years old when Rungwe was founded, and was an unfledged boy when his father died. He attended the Day-school at the mission-station, and was sufficiently gifted to be appointed, later on, a pupil-teacher of those who were making their first acquaintance with the art of reading and writing. Then, at the close of his schooling, he found employment in the wood-working establishment of the Mission. But, as his hand was so decidedly lacking in skill for the execution of finer work, he was entrusted with one end of the large saw by means of which the great tree-trunks were turned into beams or boards, after having been carried for miles from the slopes of the hills where they had been felled. He was baptized in the year 1899. His wife remained for some time a heathen. But after a while she desired instruction preparatory to baptism. And this was well ; for in 1904 Mbukile became a scholar in the Training School, in order to be prepared for evangelistic work among his own people.

He showed himself a genuine Basafwa in character—externally a rough and unpolished mountaineer, but good-natured—possessed of only average intellectual gifts, but with an inner appreciation of the Word of God, which he sought to learn with marked diligence, and to appropriate to himself. His mother was characterized by similar traits—a pious widow, who had been appointed one of the " Helpers," active among the women of the station.

The school for evangelists was in its early days, and the methods pursued for the training of the men were those of an experimental stage ; nor did Mbukile's attendance there last very long. But he received what he especially needed to become an evangelist. He acquired a considerable knowledge of the Bible. The living God, Whom the heathen do not know, had become real to him. The Saviour, of Whom they are ignorant, was revealed to him in such a manner that he could tell others of their Creator and Redeemer. He had acquired so much of the art of reading and writing, and of all sorts of knowledge, and through his life at the station had assimilated so much of cleanliness, self-discipline, and orderly ways, and had seen so much of what the European is capable of accomplishing and how he goes about it, that he could not but appear as a representative of wisdom and science to his wild fellow-tribesmen in the mountains, untouched as they were by anything like civilization.

In the year 1906 he was appointed to Itete, an outpost of Utengule, on the northern slope of the Mbeje Mountain, and about one-and-a-half hours distant from the seat of the great chief Zumba, an outpost founded two years previously. When the station Ileya was established in 1907, in order to relieve Utengule, Itete was assigned to the new station. When Mbukile commenced his work there, the outpost counted only six Christians—one man, two women, one young man, one girl, and a little child—and that the Basafwa were not inclined to allow the new teaching to gain an entrance into their valleys is evident from the fact that they persecuted the above-named man and beat him. But the little band remained faithful, and showed its appreciation of the Gospel by all sorts of little gifts. For himself Mbukile sought new life and power for service by spending a couple of days at the station each month, sometimes in company with his wife, that fellowship with the missionaries and other evangelists and fellow-Christians might renew his faith.

So progress was slowly made. In 1909, in addition to seven adult Christians, there were 85 grown-ups and young people in all stages of instruction. Again all manner of acts of violence against the Christians marked the opposition of the people; but the work could not be hindered. When Br. Kruppa undertook the care of Ileya he was delighted with the flourishing activity of Mbukile, and could report that of the 44 school children many could read well, write fairly well, and could even do some arithmetic! And that meant much among a people that hitherto could only count up to 20 by means of fingers and toes.

The connection with the missionary, who had often to be absent for days touring through his district, was now promoted by his requiring the evangelists to keep a diary, in which their chief experiences were noted and so brought to the attention of the missionary. True, these assistants had to learn the art of reporting properly. But by this means the work was advanced, and the assistants at lonely posts were enabled to bring to the missionary many a problem for his advice and solution, and also to receive the support of his direct intercessions.

Easter, 1911, was a day of significant rejoicing for Itete and for Mbukile, its evangelist, for then the first baptism at this outpost took place, that of 22 adults and 5 children. Near the home of the evangelist, which had hitherto served as school-room and place of worship, the people had cleared a space under Mbukile's leadership, had furnished it with benches and decorated it with the branches of trees, whilst a thatched shelter was set up beneath which the missionary might preach. And so "Church" was kept. Among the candidates for baptism was one of the minor chieftains of the neighbourhood, whom Mbukile had been permitted to lead to the Saviour. Mpyila had experienced how difficult it is for a rich man to enter into the kingdom of God. In the beginning he had been among those who had opposed the "new ways" among the people of his

mountains. He was a chieftain, whose duty it was to pray to the spirits of his ancestors when there was lack of rain. Indeed, he passed for a magician who knew how to kill an enemy at a distance, and how to protect one's self against such danger. In addition he had five wives, as was proper for a chieftain, and his large family increased in consequence. And now this man was baptized! And he could be baptized, for, even though it had cost him an inward struggle, he had broken with all the usages and customs of the past. When he told his people that he would no longer pray for them to the spirits of his ancestors, and no longer serve as sorcerer, murmurs arose and heads were shaken. The village elders called him a fool and a stupid fellow. In particular, they could not comprehend what could induce him to give up his profitable business as a sorcerer. Then he told them the whole truth: how he had himself become more and more convinced that his sorcery was only deception, but that from now onward he would give them something better. "Jesus Christ, the Son of God, alone has the power to save from death and to give eternal life to those who trust in and are willing to follow Him." Thus, even before his baptism, this chief was a preacher of righteousness, and he even accompanied Mbukile on his evangelistic tours. But he also made another sacrifice. He dismissed his three younger wives, who soon found other husbands, and promised to regard his eldest wife, whom he had inherited from his father, as his mother, and as such to care and provide for her. The fifth he retained as his wife. His new name was "Nsulwa," *i.e.*, "The Elect One."

Through this baptismal transaction Itete became at one step a congregation of 40 Christians. And they understood that to be a Christian meant to do something for the Lord. A church was still lacking. But Mbukile's house no longer sufficed. At first they thought of enlarging it, so as to have a larger school. But they realized that then they must build a new house for him, and while they were about it they would build a better one. And they at once set about carrying out their plans. At the end of a quarter of a year there stood ready a new and really fine evangelist's house, and the old house had been so enlarged that it served as a good school. Moreover, a small cemetery had been laid out, and paths had been made to the two outposts, served by Mbukile from Itete.

One year later, and the new church was completed: 20 metres long, 6 wide, and 3 metres high. And this had all been accomplished without direct action or direction on the part of the missionary, through voluntary labour of the congregation. If one estimated the value of the labour according to the customary wages, it was equivalent to Mk. 450 (£22 10s. 0d.)! Not to no purpose had Mbukile spent his youth at Rungwe and had there seen a "station" arise, and not to no purpose had he been employed in the wood-working shop and had there learnt how one should work. Under his direction, six hours distant from Ileya, if not a station, then at least an out-station had

arisen as the creation of his congregation and himself. And how gladly they had done their work! For example, four old women had brought their church dues, consisting of corn and beans and food for poultry, from a preaching-place six hours' distance by difficult paths. It is to be hoped that this long tramp with this burden did not contribute to the death of the eldest of the three, which took place not long after. In the year 1911 there were five such preaching-places, and in 1912 twelve, which Mbukile actually served. His regular companion was Nsulwa, when he made such tours.

Another day of special rejoicing was the day when this new church was dedicated, in 1912, though it was noted with pain that the people of Nsulwa were conspicuous by their absence. On the other hand, the zealous example of the 50 members of the Christian church in Itete had spurred on the people at two preaching-places to build chapels (much smaller, it is true, than the church in Itete), at their own expense and by their own labour.

It will, therefore, be easily understood that it was a source of disappointment to Br. Kruppa, when he suddenly received a letter from Mbukile in this same year, 1912, begging to be released from his duties at Itete. A mighty home-sickness for his Konde homeland had seized him, doubtless because during his six years of service in the mountains he had lost one after another of his children. Four had now died! But the Itete congregation was filled with sorrow. The people said to him, and in particular Nsulwa, that if he really tried to leave them, "they would hold him fast by the legs!" Therefore he determined to test himself as to whether he could not remain at least for another period of four years.

We hope that he has been able to hold out, and that a visit of some duration which they paid to their former home has shown him and his wife how dear Itete has become to them, and that it has really grown to be their home. At any rate, from this experience it becomes clear to us that many a native evangelist must make a sacrifice similar to those made by our missionaries, when they leave home and relatives for the Lord's sake and learn to be at home everywhere for the sake of their brethren, wherever their duty calls them. This we know, that in 1913 Mbukile was still at his post, and that he experienced the joy of seeing that the advisers of Nsulwa gave up their opposition, and that the children of Nsulwa's villages came to school.

This much we learn from the reports received. In the meantime the war broke out and has almost completely severed our connection with our Mission in German East Africa. May the young congregation have been allowed to grow! It and its evangelist, Mbukile, we commend further to the grace of God, Who has so evidently blessed his labours.



FOUR MONTHS IN SURINAM.

By the Rev. H. Weiss.

Translated by Bishop J. Taylor Hamilton, D.D.

(Continued from page 350.)

TO ALBINA AND ST. LAURENT.

IT was on the evening of April 14th that I set out for Albina in company with Br. Voullaire. The trip had long been planned, and as originally planned was to include a journey up the Marowijne to Langatabbetje, the seat of the chief of the Paramakka Bush-Negroes, Apensa. But we had to give this up, as the rainy season had set in and I had to fear that it would be attended with fever, which would prevent me from carrying out other tours in the Bushland. Prudence demands considerable self-restraint in the matter of travel on the part of Europeans who have not become thoroughly acclimatized by long residence in Surinam.

Our steamer was the *Koningin Wilhelmina*, a small boat belonging to the Government, which maintains the connection between Paramaribo and Albina. Soon after we passed the lighthouse symptoms of sea-sickness began to annoy my companion. He had stoically announced in advance that he would have to suffer, an experience which he inevitably makes. Our Br. Voullaire must often travel by boat, and says that this misery is an accompaniment of his office.

Such voyages along the coast can be exceedingly disagreeable. The vicinity of the shore causes the waves to be short and sharp, and when wind and rain prevail the situation may become most uncomfortable. Our little steamer sprang up and down the waves like a wild horse. About 7 o'clock in the morning we could see land in the distance through the rain and mist. In front of the mouth of the Marowijne lies a large mud-bank, the "Tiegerbank." This we had to circumnavigate, so that it was 9 o'clock before we passed into the river.

The Marowijne is far wider than the Surinam, and a great variety of islands adds interest and beauty to the scenery. It constitutes the boundary between Dutch and French Guiana (Cayenne, the land of the unfortunate convicts). I observe several of our fellow-travellers with deep commiseration—eight convicts chained together in couples, under custody of two policemen who brought them on board in Paramaribo. They are making this journey for perhaps the second or third time. Their flight to Surinam has been of no advantage to them—

has only been of disadvantage. For now they must begin their penal servitude over again from the beginning. I am told that I should not waste my pity on them, for they are dangerous criminals. Just on this account I feel doubly sorry for them. I dare not exchange a word with them, but I cannot help casting a look at them now and then. They are men between 20 and 40 years of age. Some are evidently filled with wild determination. Others brood sullenly. On the average 500 such fugitives make their way from Cayenne to Surinam each year—to be sent back. There they sit and brood over the mistakes they may have made in connection with their flight. Next time they will try to avoid such blunders. By chance someone got hold of a map that had belonged to one of the convicts, who was being taken back to St. Laurent. As the prisoners were being brought on to the steamer, it was observed how one of them tore up a piece of paper and threw it into the water. It was fished out and was found to be a guide, written in poor French, giving directions how to make the way to freedom. The route began one hundred miles south of Albina. The stopping-places are indicated. On the reverse the costs of boat-hire and the tables of monies that come in question are indicated, as also the price of food. All has been drawn and written on a blank of the convict administration, sub-division of the colonial administration, and at the head there stands in large type: “*République française. Liberté, Egalité, Fraternité.*” What terrible irony!

About eleven o'clock both settlements come in sight on the opposite banks of the river, St. Laurent on the French and Albina on the Dutch. What a difference between these two places! St. Laurent, the spot where chains clank, Albina, the free settlement! We steam close by St. Laurent, one of the most notorious of the numerous penal settlements in Cayenne. Were it not for the prisons built of stone and surrounded with high walls, and had I not already heard so much about St. Laurent, I might think it were a small European town. That is the impression it makes from the river. Albina, on the Dutch bank, suits far better to its scenic surroundings, with its frame houses, painted white, amid the green of tropical vegetation. On an island a little further up the stream is a settlement where lepers are interned.

Br. Labadie, since transferred to Paramaribo, conducts us to the mission-house, which is situated on the street running along the bank of the river. From the upper storey one has a magnificent view across the stream. In the distance one sees St. Laurent. As in the case of Wanhatti the lower storey is used as the hall for religious worship, and here we are greeted by the assembled congregation with hymns of welcome.

In the afternoon Br. Labadie takes us to visit the village of Bush-Negroes, near Albina. Everywhere the same inner poverty, characteristic of these people, and the same lack of cleanliness.

Albina congregation is small in numbers, but is of importance for our Mission among the Bush-Negroes of the Marowijne. The district under the supervision of the missionary stationed here reaches beyond rietábbetje, the residence of Osesi, the head chieftain of the Djoekas. Our congregation here had its own school-building and its own primary school.

On the following day I made the trip across the river to St. Laurent in company with Br Doesburg, the native-born teacher in Albina. The stream is so wide here that the steamer takes from ten to fifteen minutes to cross.

The number of convicts in the prisons here is estimated at from 800 to 1,000. I was told that apart from these there may be 5,000 other persons living in the place. Among these are such who have been released from imprisonment, but live under the control of the police and dare not return to France. And it may happen that some of them find their way back to prison. The buildings of the Government the dwellings of the officials, and the hospitals make a distinguished appearance and are of stone. The number of officials employed is very large. The measure of punishment is proportioned to the crime committed. But there is a saying here that to the years for which a convict is committed one day is added, and this day lasts to the moment when the exile closes his eyes. Women have not been banished to Cayenne for a number of years.

For the most part the convicts do their tasks with the upper part of their bodies naked. Work is provided for them. A wood-working establishment, a smithy, a lock-smith shop, &c., are in operation. All manner of industries are in the hands of the Government, and the convicts supply cheap labour, which renders it very difficult for those to earn an honourable living who have been released but who are compelled to remain in St. Laurent. Nevertheless, among the so-called *Libertés* are some who have managed to get on in life.

Men were at work on the bank of the river, in the park-like gardens of the town, and in the workshops. Police with loaded guns stood on guard the while. Theft and murder are said to be frequently committed, and in spite of the strictness with which the convicts are guarded, they know how to make use of favourable opportunities and take to flight.

A high wall surrounds the huge prisons, built of yellow stone. Over the great gate-way through the wall stands in large black letters the inscription, "Camp de la Transportation!" Towards noon I saw a party of about 200 convicts clad in trousers and shirts returning from their work. They were halted before the prison, divided into five files, and then so placed that they stood with their faces towards the wall. Then each one was carefully searched, to see whether he had concealed anything that might serve as a weapon or as a tool for making his way out of the prison. One after another disappears behind the gruesome prison wall. Then follows a brief drum-beat; it is time for dinner. Br. Doesburg tells me

that the food is good. Yet the death-rate is high, which is not to be wondered at, when one considers that these are Europeans who must daily do hard labour in this land of fever.

I visited the cemetery. Part of it is beautiful. Many of the officials find their last resting-place here. But many of the graves are without cross or stone. They have not even a number. Death has removed the number borne by the convicts in life. In the grave it appears he does not need a number any more. I was told that as a rule six graves are always in readiness. I saw two open graves.

By the permission of the wife of an official who was absent one of the convicts accompanied us through the splendidly laid-out vegetable garden. He may have been 25 years of age. I read on his shirt the number 39421. How it was that he bore so high a number I do not know. He appeared to be very frank, and said that he had conducted himself well for three years and it had been promised him that after 45 months he might go to Holland. Poor man, he had forgotten the "one day." We did not ask him why he had been sent here. Either we should have given him an opportunity to tell a lie or some of the pity we felt for him would have disappeared. But we did ask him, if it had been hard to get good conduct marks for three years. Then he became serious, and said that the least misconduct would have wiped out all that stood to his credit, so that he would have to begin all over again. Much has been written about the ill-treatment of the prisoners; but I know nothing about that. That some of the guards should in time lose finer feelings through their constant contact with the convicts, might be understood. For some time past a French Protestant clergyman has been stationed in St. Laurent, who is, however, now absent in France, collecting the money needed to build a Protestant chapel there. It seems to me that what deprives of honour and what makes for wretchedness is not so much the being exiled, nor the way in which the convicts are dealt with, as the impossibility of leaving the place of horror after the sentence has been served. Meanwhile one must guard against false sentimentality, when one visits such a spot as St. Laurent.

During the evening of this day Br. Voullaire began to make preparations for his journey to Langatábbetje. I would gladly have gone too; but I had to admit that it was more sensible for me to return from Albina to Paramaribo.

Next morning, April 17th, at 6 o'clock Br. Voullaire and Br. Labadie wanted to set off. But the Bush-Negroes, sent by chief Apensa, to paddle them to his home, do not want to go. That one can easily perceive. The roof of palm-thatch over the stern of the boat is too low; but they made it themselves. The little chair which Br. Voullaire wants to place in the boat they consider too large. He must finally take his seat on a case of petroleum. For some time Br. Helder, a native of Surinam, who was stationed at Drietábbetje as evangelist and school

master, has been living in the Mission compound in Albina. His school had to be closed on account of the continuous opposition of Osesi. Through his long residence at Drietábbetje Br. Helder has learnt to know the character of the Bush-Negroes and how to deal with them. By his energetic representations he now brought the men so far that they were ready to set off at 8 o'clock at least. It was dark and rainy, as I bade the Brethren farewell and wished them God's blessing on their journey. At noon I left on the *Koningin Wilhelmina* for Paramaribo, where we arrived early in the morning of the 18th.

A JOURNEY WITH HIS EXCELLENCY BARON VAN ASBECK, THE GOVERNOR OF SURINAM.

From time to time the Governor of Surinam makes a tour through the Colony, in order to form an opinion through personal observation with regard to the condition of the dwellings of the people, the state of agriculture, the drainage-system of the land, the canals and rivers, &c. For a number of days the Government steamer on which the journey is made constitutes his floating residence. His entourage consists of higher officials and invited guests whom he has been pleased to ask to accompany him. But he who receives such an honour must be prepared to put forth considerable physical effort.

Such a tour was planned to begin on April 23rd. Among those invited, whose names were published in the papers, were the two Dutch clergymen and the Warden of our Mission, Br. Schmiedecke. I had received no invitation, and why should I expect any? Why should I imagine that the Governor would have any thought for the stranger who had come to the Colony? I had heard that Chatillon and Bethesda were to be visited, and I sent greetings to Bethesda by Br. Schmiedecke, and wished him a pleasant trip.

The steamer made its way up the Surinam River at 8 o'clock. Two hours later came a telegram from Domburg. It was an invitation from the Governor, that I should join his party. I was directed to take the little boat on the following morning which goes to Groot Chatillon, and at Domburg board the steamer of the Governor, which lay at anchor there. He had accidentally heard that I was in Paramaribo, and had been under the impression that I was on the Marowijne. Therefore he had not previously sent me an invitation.

It was still dark as I left my lodging in the Mission-quarters, for the boat would start at 5 in the morning. Paramaribo is attractive even by night. The proud palms on both sides of the streets, giant watchmen of the slumbering night, wave their noble leaves in the morning wind, as it gently rustles through them.

There lies the little river-boat, the little *Emma*. The dull light of a ship-lantern lights up the narrow gangway. With a

spring I am in the boat. In the same moment there booms out a cannon-shot from the battery of Fort Zeelandia. It served me well. Now I am quite awake. It is five o'clock. Strange, this punctuality! One is not accustomed to it in Surinam! Strange, too, that the narrow gangway from the landing-stage to the boat becomes wider as the latter so punctually sets itself in motion! But it was no gangway, only brown water! What if, half-asleep as I was, I had stepped into it! Opposite to me in the little boat sit people who want to go to Bethesda, a mother with a son and daughter. "My poor sick son in Bethesda does not know that we are coming to-day," says the mother with shining eyes; "how happy he will be when he sees us!" "But," she continues after a time, "I have heard that the Governor is to visit Bethesda to-day. I hope that will not prevent me from seeing my son." "By no means," I reply. "You need have no fear on that account. The Governor and his wife are far too well disposed to the sufferers. They will not disturb you."

Gradually the banks of the river, clad with vegetation, appear more distinct on both sides of the broad stream. Early morning amid this tropical landscape makes an inspiring impression. It is half-past six o'clock. In the distance Domburg becomes visible on the left bank of the river. A steamer lies at anchor in mid-stream. It is the *Koningin Wilhelmina*, the vessel on which I made the trip to Albina. On the foremast it flies the Dutch flag, a sign that the Governor is on board. Our boat makes fast to the steamer and I go on board. The guests of the Governor sit in groups before the cabins, enjoying a chat. They are the two clergymen, Domine Boers and Domine Ordt. Dr. Hoevenkamp, the head physician of the military hospital, Mr. Schönfeld, the physician of Domburg, Mr. Calkoen, a Director of the Surinam Bank, our Br. Schmiedecke, and Captain da Silva, the adjutant of the Governor. I am greeted in a most friendly manner. After my early trip on the water a cup of coffee comes in very well. Then I wait on my host, the Governor, who presents me to Lady van Asbeck and their daughter as well as to the other ladies of the party. The Governor tells of the experiences of yesterday, and adds, with most winning cordiality, "I am sorry you were not with us; but I thought you were in Langatabbetje, with Br. Voullaire."

At 9 o'clock anchor was weighed and the trip was continued to Groot Chatillon. Both villages were thoroughly inspected. Naturally, in the establishment of the Government patients were not lacking who sought to make use of this good opportunity, as it appeared to them, to present all manner of complaints to the Governor. He listened patiently to these often very tedious stories. One can indeed understand that the poor people have the idea that when the Governor comes to them he will alleviate all manner of things. But it must be very unpleasant for the manager of the asylum silently to listen to all the accusations that are brought against him, and for the far greater part so manifestly without ground or reason that the Governor has no

need of even making further inquiry. However, wherever it seems requisite, a thorough investigation is made. But by far the greater number of the inmates of Groot Chatillon regard the presence of the distinguished visitor only as an occasion for joy. The visit to both settlements lasted four full hours. In Bethesda a leprous girl recited a little poem for the Governor.

From Groot Chatillon we returned down stream as far as the plantation Adrichem. Here the small plots of land allotted to peasant proprietors were inspected. The Governor entered into conversation with the individual persons, and got them to explain their affairs in the smallest detail. This tour also took several hours, and when we returned on board in the evening we did not present a very courtly appearance. When the Governor makes such a trip he does not do it for his pleasure. He is an official, who wishes to acquire a personal knowledge of everything. In just such a land as Surinam, it is of the highest value that a man should stand at the head of affairs who knows just what he can demand from the officials who are responsible to him, because he himself shuns no labour. And he is paying special attention to the improvement of agriculture.

We spent the night on the steamer, and next morning went down stream again to the plantation Vreeland. Here we went first of all along narrow paths and through long grass between the rice fields of the East Indians and Javanese and then between cocoa plantations. Sometimes wide ditches had to be crossed either by jumping over or by means of planks or the trunks of trees laid as a temporary bridge. For the Governor does not beforehand make known whither he plans to go, but follows his own purposes without previous notification. When we returned to the steamer for lunch at noon we were all besmeared with mud up to the knees. The Governor had seen what he desired to see. What he may have said to his officials and to the peasants I do not know; but I had the impression that he was on the whole satisfied with what he saw. My admiration for him has, if possible, risen, as I have seen how determinedly he follows his plans in spite of calumny and enmity. Only agriculture can save Surinam as a Colony; but that the Colony has a future is evident. During the afternoon we reached Paramaribo, and I was glad that it had been my privilege to make a trip with the Governor.

NICKERIE.

The Nickerie, the little river on which Nieuw Nickerie, the town of palms, is situated, differs greatly from the mighty Marowijne, with its picturesque islands and its sandy banks. But to reach Nickerie one must again endure a coastal voyage that differs from the voyage to Albina in the main only in that one now sails westwards instead of eastwards. But it was of great advantage that the *Curaçao* was in service in place of the *Koningin Wilhelmina*, for the *Curaçao* is the largest steamer belonging to

the Government of Surinam. We left on the afternoon of the 4th of May, and entered the Nickerie River about 4.30 next morning. Nothing remains of Old Nickerie, the town by the sea, except a few piles of the landing stage. I do not know whether the few houses that stand on the bank of the river are more modern or whether they testify to the slow disappearance of the old town. A number of years ago a tragedy was experienced which has had its counterpart at so many other places in this land, which consists for the greater part of alluvium. What the flood-tide is determined to have, it takes; the strongest bulwarks are of no avail.

Not far from the mouth of the river lies Nieuw Nickerie, the second capital of Surinam, if one may say so. It has 4,000 inhabitants, five cinematograph shows, and sixty-five stores. Day was beginning to dawn as the *Curaçao* made fast to the landing stage. Through the dark rain the fine lines of the high tower of our church became more and more clearly perceptible. It was Br. Dingemanns who built the beautiful church with restless energy, even as he built up this congregation, which differs in so many respects from our other congregations in Surinam. He departed this life in the year 1904 on the return voyage to Europe. But his memory survives in Surinam, and especially in Nickerie. The sun broke through the clouds, and I had an opportunity to witness a wonderful play of colour. Nieuw Nickerie, with its neat houses and its palms, the river and the woods beyond, are all dipped as it were in fire. Torn clouds, driven by the wind seawards, are edged with gold.

An hour later I sat at breakfast with Br. and Sr. Barth. One can understand that they make their guests very welcome, living as they do so far away from the centre of intercourse. The steamer connection with Paramaribo is only once in two weeks. Most letters from Europe reach them by way of Paramaribo, and may be six weeks on the way from the senders. Now and then a missionary comes to spend his holiday in Nickerie, or an official visit brings some diversion in the routine of life in Nieuw Nickerie; but in general the couple stationed here learns little of what is transpiring in Paramaribo or at the other mission-stations.

The large village—one can hardly call it a town—is regularly laid out on the system of streets crossing at right angles that prevails in North America, though here only in miniature. The balata (wild rubber) industry plays a great rôle in the entire district of Nickerie, and also causes the missionary much trouble. If on the one hand one is inclined to be glad that in this way money is brought into the country, on the other hand one's gladness is very much checked, when one sees what an evil influence this industry exercises on the people. In order to secure men, the balata gatherers are compelled to advance money to the men they hire, and in this way the latter fall into the power of the former. They are apt to spend the advances foolishly and so run into debt. In the forests where the rubber

is won the men lead an unbridled life, absent from their families for months. In the main they are young men, who are thus lost to agriculture. The British subjects who come hither for this purpose from Demerara, do not make it light for the missionary in Nickerie. If the weather is unfavourable they cannot proceed to the forests but remain in the town idle, and idleness is provocative of all manner of evil. Immorality is terribly promoted by this state of affairs. At the same time the wife of our missionary does all in her power to influence the young girls and women for good. For instance, she is the leader of a Young Women's Association.

Our school in Nieuw Nickerie is attended by from 150 to 170 children. Unfortunately just here, probably more than anywhere else in Surinam, we feel the influence of the Roman Catholic Church. In the main its work here is that of a counter-mission. One of its chief tasks seems to be to induce parents to transfer their children from our school to the Roman Catholic, and all sorts of means and promises are employed to reach this end.

Very much is expected of our missionary in Nieuw Nickerie. He must preach the gospel in the Negro-English, Dutch, and English languages. His congregation numbers 1,400 souls, and in addition he must serve the filial congregation, Waterloo. His assistant is the native Br. Blufpand.

Nickerie is also a centre for our Mission among the Javanese, and for that among the East Indians. When I visited Niti Pawiro he was just about to instruct a number of Javanese. He seemed to be quite ill and looked very poorly. Nevertheless, I had no idea that his end was so near. God called him home on August 20th. He was a most faithful evangelist, and in him our little congregation of Christian Javanese has lost much.

We have also a little school for East Indians in Nickerie. When I visited it, the evangelist Parabir was busy trying to instruct six little children in the art of reading. They are taught to read and write not only in Dutch but also in their mother tongue.

In company with Br. Barth and the physician stationed here by the Government I went up the Nickerie river in a steam barge. It is much narrower than the Commewijne. In the distance we saw the church of Waterloo between waving fields of sugar cane, and not far from it the sugar factory out of whose tall chimney dark clouds of smoke were pouring. In this district more land is under cultivation than elsewhere. We passed Paradys, the church of our outpost here being visited on our return trip. It was in a poor condition, sinking on one side. The people are evidently afraid of the cost of the repairs.

From Nickerie to Vertrouwen took three hours. The mission-house, whose lower story is used for worship, is situated on the left bank of the river. The congregation is in charge of a native-born Brother, Nelson. I did not see much of his field of activity; but Br. Barth told me that he serves a wide district.

During my stay I had an opportunity to visit Waterloo, not far from the town. Formerly Waterloo was a flourishing congregation, but it is now a filial of Nickerie. At one time it was debated whether it should be made the centre for evangelization among the East Indians of this district. But Br. Wenzel does not consider this advisable. With right he thinks that it would be a mistake to tie the worker among these people to plantations like Waterloo and Hazard, where the contract labourers work from morning till evening, and even on Sundays when the cane is being ground. The missionary would be far too dependent on the goodwill of the managers of the plantations. We had an extensive view over the wide landscape from the tower of the church. The wide fields of cane and the tall palms with the river in the distance made a beautiful picture, and reminded me of my childhood's home in Antigua. But there is also a reminder of Holland. We were conveyed in a boat on a canal that has been carried straight between the fields, and that serves to bring the cane to the mill (for at least 15 minutes, to the place where our carriage waited to bring us back to Nickerie). The boat was not rowed. A boy went along the bank and dragged it by means of a rope, as one often sees in Holland.

Dr. Robbels, the physician who had accompanied us to Waterloo, was so kind as to show us the hospital in Nickerie, which he is in charge of. Most of the patients were East Indians.

In Nickerie I conducted an evening service, in which I brought greetings from the Missionary Society in Zeist, which had contributed the larger part of the sum for the building of the church here. And I could describe to the people the visit of Br. Blijd to Holland.

The return voyage to Paramaribo was fixed for Friday, May 8th. I was compelled to take the little English steamer, the *Parika*, which brings cattle from Demerara for the butchers in Paramaribo. We left at 5 in the afternoon. It was one of the most stormy nights I have ever experienced at sea, and the smallest boat on which I have ever travelled on the ocean. We did not reach Paramaribo till noon of the following day.

IN THE BUSHLAND ON THE UPPER SURINAME.

Preparations for this tour cost me little trouble. My folding bed which I had used when visiting Wanhatti, had to be taken. In my tin trunk I stowed a couple of khaki suits and a white suit, as well as under-wear. A small portmanteau served for things that must be at hand, and for quinine. Cork helmet, waterproof coat, and umbrella—and I was ready for the journey. What freedom from care one has, when others must plan such an expedition! On the other hand it meant much more for Br. Schütz, the leader of our party. For one must think of every-

thing when about to start for the Bushland, where no hotel is to be met with. Food, cooking-utensils, crockery, an alcohol cooking stove, and fuel for it, must not be forgotten. And this is not all. The missionary at Ganzee must know just when to expect us, so that men may meet us at the right time, in order to bring us over the rapids in their corials. Nor may drinking-water be forgotten. To be sure, there is water enough in Surinam, especially in the rainy season. But it is not advisable to drink the water of the river. And boiled rain water is not ideal. We might take water with us in jugs. But our leader is of the opinion that soda-water will be better. So he provides this, as well as all the food we shall need.

The third in our party is Br. Hasewinkel, the manager of the dry goods department of the missionary firm, C. Kersten and Co. When circumstances permit, our Brethren of the business enjoy coming in contact with the missionary work in the Bushland, which differs very much from the work in Paramaribo. One can well understand that Br. Hasewinkel takes a deep interest in the missionary work as such. He is himself a son of the Mission, born as he was in Surinam, where his father served long years with blessing as a missionary—among the rest in the Bushland.

A journey to the Bushland is never free from risk to one's health. Bergendal, Koffiekamp, and Ganzee have no good reputation in this respect. One lays the blame on the mosquitoes, as transmitters of malaria. But those who live in the Bushland are convinced that this is not the only manner in which malaria is conveyed. Often, just when there are no mosquitoes, malaria is very violent. Probably the utterance of Dr. Hovenkamp, the head physician of the military hospital, is to be accepted: "Transmission of bush fever by the mosquito (*anopheles albipes*) has been scientifically proved; science is not acquainted with the means by which the fever might be additionally conveyed." In the meantime the risk of such a journey is by no means what it used to be in former days. The railway has brought the Bushland much nearer to Paramaribo. In the olden days it required six to eight days to journey from the town to Ganzee. Later the river steamers shortened the time from the town to Bergendal from two or three days in a tent-boat to one. To-day by means of the railway one may accomplish the whole trip to Ganzee in one day.

It was a rainy day, as is often to be expected at this season of the year, when Br. Schütz, Br. Hasewinkel, and I met at the railway station to take the 7 o'clock train. The railway has educational value for the men employed in connection with it, as well as for the people of Surinam at large; for punctuality is a virtue not held in particularly high esteem here. Characteristic is the expression used in Negro-English, when one misses a train. One does not say, "I came too late," but "The train left me behind."

As far as Post Republiek the journey was not new to me. I had travelled over this part of the railway with Br. Kersten,

when I visited Bersaba. The remainder of the route, to Kabel Station, was new and far more interesting. We enter the so-called gold-zone. The up-grade and the cuttings remind us that we are in hilly country, where the gold-diggers seek their fortune. At times the railway makes very sharp curves. Hills and mountains appear. Now the Maabo is in sight. We arrive at Kwakoe Gron, where the railway touches the Saramacca. The building which contains the dwelling of the missionary as well as the place of worship is locked. Fever is more mighty than the will of the missionary. The train halts here for half an hour, so we go to inspect the house at least externally. Shall we in time have enough native ministers to be able to re-occupy Kwakoe Gron?

At two o'clock we reach Kabel Station. We are again at the Surinam River, and have travelled 133 kilometres from Paramaribo. Here for the first time I saw a house thoroughly protected against mosquitoes, the verandah as well as the windows being protected by wire netting. It is the home of an official of the Government, which in this manner takes good care of its men. It was a great pleasure to find several officials behind the mosquito-netting — Dr. Hovenkamp and Mr. Schönfeld—with whom I had travelled in the Governor's suite, and Mr. Gaiman, the Finance Minister of Surinam. After an hour's pleasant chat with these gentlemen in the great fly-cage, we went to the river, where our boatmen, all from Ganzee, awaited us with their corials. But previous to this we inspected the cable. When the railway was constructed, a bridge across the Surinam at this point, though the river is much narrower than at Paramaribo, would have cost 60,000 guilders. To transport freight and passengers across the river—for the railway is continued as far as the station "Dam"—a traction cable was constructed, huge iron towers being built in order to span it, they in their turn being anchored with thick steel ropes. The traction-cars are hoisted to a considerable height by powerful engines, and are then sped across the river. It makes a deep and at the same time unpleasant impression on a thinking person, when he meets with such a contrivance in the primeval forest.

Here live men who for untold ages have lived apart from all forms of civilization. Suddenly they are brought face to face with the latest achievements of modern technical skill. They have been accustomed to adapt themselves to untamed nature. One feels that either this huge structure does not suit in the forest, with its primitive human beings, or the forest and its denizens do not belong here. I had a similar feeling to that which I had when I once visited Niagara Falls, where huge placards disfigure the surroundings.

It was three o'clock in the afternoon. The boats were already packed. One corial was exclusively for our baggage. In the other came men and baggage. The little corial to which we were assigned, about 26 feet long, had a little sheltered space in the stern just high and wide enough for a man

to find shelter in it lying down. We used this space to protect such of our things as we wished to keep dry. In the forward part of the boat two men take their places with paddles in their hands. Br. Schütz sits behind them. Then Br. Hasewinkel and I take our places side by side. The steersman sits behind the little shelter, also with a paddle as his implement. The freight-boat is also manned by three men. The water is favourable and the sky is clouded. Now and then rain falls, but we have our rain-coats. If water must occasionally be baled out of the boat, our shoes keep fairly dry, for each has a little board on which he can keep out of the wet.

And now begins the trip up stream. The Surinam River is no longer like an old man who wearily makes his way to the sea. Here he puts forth the strength of youth. The river must be yet more beautiful when the trip is made in the dry season. Then it dashes wildly between huge masses of rock, and the roar of the rapids may be heard far off in the forest. But this is the long rainy season, and much rain has fallen of late. Of rocks there is nothing to be seen; but the current is wilder and the trip is doubtless more dangerous. Where wild whirlpools are swirling, it is especially dangerous. Such funnels must be avoided. Our Bush-Negroes need to know the way well, for even though no rocks are visible they are there. Here and there islands divide the river. How the water rushes and dashes! The corial lies deep in the water. Only an inch and a-half out of it. It has a round bottom and no keel. So we must sit still and balance well. Our paddlers have hard work. They have reduced their clothing to the barest necessities. It is a pleasure to note the way they work. They have splendid forms, with gloriously developed muscles. The wild river seeks to dash the corial back to its starting-place; but our objective is Ganzee. Shall we succeed? Now the boat stands still, in spite of all labour with the paddles. The water foams against the bows, and for a moment it looks as if the river had conquered. Now the man in the bows springs up. In a moment he holds in his hands the "Koela," the stout staff some four yards and more in length. As if for battle he stands there, plunges his staff into the stream, and poles the boat slowly forward with a loud shout. The strength of man has prevailed over the stream. He lays his "Koela" in the boat till he shall need it again.

A happy folk, free from care, these sons of the Bushland! How they joke and laugh, and we joke with them. The freight boat is lighter built, and does not lie so deep. It pushes in advance of us. That must not continue. "Look out; we are going to overtake you!" calls out our steersman. Once more our man at the bows springs up. The foremost in the other boat does the same. Mockingly comes the reply: "You will never be able to do it"! The race begins. The paddles dash their spray into the air. The men at the bows stand with their poles and shout, "We will win!" We almost catch up with the freight-boat, when it shoves forward a boat's length. Once


more our man in the bows plies his pole. His left foot is placed on the very prow of the boat, and his right is braced against the seat. Would one embody in bronze or stone manly strength, manly courage and delight in contest, one would do well to choose as his model no discus-caster of antiquity. Here in the primeval forest one may find a finer model. With strained muscles and with his body bent forwards, he renews the strife. Suddenly a crack! His "Koela" has broken. He barely escapes falling head-foremost into the water—which, however, would not have harmed, for the Bush-Negroes swim like fishes. Mocking laughter is the reply from the other boat. In ours was only one pole. They had two. Our man begs: "Give me a 'Koela!'" "Come and fetch it!" shout the others. But these sons of the forest are good-natured. The freight-boat lessens its speed. The reserve-pole is passed over to us.

Such a trip as this affords unique pleasure. The luxuriant vegetation on the banks is in complete harmony with the wildness of the stream. The mighty trees tower above us like giants. Creepers and wild vines twine between them and form a huge wall of living green. Were their colour grey, one might fancy that one had the ruins of old robber castles on either hand. Nor are openings wanting that remind one of all sorts of windows, round or narrow, or even like loop-holes for archers. Moment by moment the scenery of the forest changes. Here and there are openings through which one can look deep into the darkness of the forest, or see a stream dashing over the trunks of fallen trees. Nor is the colour one monotonous shade of green. All manner of tones are here, from deep olive-green to the tender yellow-green of fresh foliage in a northern Spring. Some of the huge giants of the forest are covered with blossoms, red and yellow. When the sinking sun casts a flood of light over river and woods, one is impressed with the wonderful creative power of God.

(To be continued).



EDITORIAL NOTES.

N November 10th the *Harmony* reached St. John's, Newfoundland, at the end of her third trip along the coast of Labrador, and if all goes well it may be possible for her to arrive home in London in time for Christmas.

God grant it may be so.

The following are the dates of chief importance in connection with her voyages this year:—

Left London	-	-	-	July 7th.
Arrived at Makkovik	-	-	-	August 2nd.
Arrived at St. John's, at close of first trip				August 23rd.

Left St. John's for second trip	-	August 28th.
Arrived „ at close of ditto	-	October 12th.
Left „ for third trip	-	„ 15th.
Arrived „ at close of ditto	-	November 10th.

Regarding the outward voyage after leaving the Isle of Wight, Captain Jackson wrote us as follows on August 26th, from St. John's: "After leaving the Isle of Wight we had head winds all the way down the Channel and made very slow progress. This was very trying, as it kept us in the danger zone for several days. We received information that a German submarine was working in a certain position just outside the Channel. However, as it took us such a long time to get into that position. I considered *that* the safest place to steer for, for the submarine would not hang about long in one place. We passed near the place, but saw nothing except a very large quantity of oil on the water, and two British destroyers steaming away. Our progress across the Atlantic was likewise very slow, for the winds remained westerly nearly the whole way to Makkovik. We had very little stormy weather; only strong head winds. We had no ice, and very few bergs, and had little or no fog. Our passengers soon got well, and enjoyed the trip, though it was very long and tedious."

On his arrival off the Coast of Labrador, the Captain was, as he also informs us, officially instructed by Government to bring with him to St. John's, Newfoundland, on his first trip southwards all the male Germans connected with our Mission. This he did.

As the result of an interview which the Captain thereupon had with the Minister of Justice at St. John's, and of the previous, kind intervention of His Excellency the Governor, and of our agent in that City, the missionaries and storekeepers who had been brought down were all allowed to return to their posts, but they were accompanied by three or four policemen. These had instructions to stay at our stations until the last ship visited the Coast this Autumn, when they were to return South.

At first the intention was, it seems, that these German members of our missionary staff on the Coast should be interned; however, that was altered, and they have now been allowed to resume their work *on parole*. They went north on board the *Harmony*. Eight missionaries and three or four policemen as passengers on board our small vessel would make a tight fit, with only six berths at disposal; but better could not be done under the circumstances, and we can only hope that the weather was favourable and the voyage a smooth one.

Our missionary at Killinek, although a German subject, was not included in the number of those who were carried to St. John's; for, in the first place, his station was not visited on the first trip of the *Harmony* but on the second, and then, had he been taken along to the South it would not have been possible

for him to return to his post, as our vessel only visits Killinek once during the season. Accordingly, it was decided that one of the afore-mentioned policemen should go as far as Killinek. In his presence the missionary in question gave his word of honour, after which he also was allowed to remain where he was on parole.

On October 12th, after concluding his second trip up and down the Coast from St. John's to Killinek and back, Captain Jackson wrote the following regarding his experiences in the North:—

"We had a very fine voyage north this time, and mostly fine weather, though we were held up in Okak for four days during a very heavy storm. Many schooners were lost, and I am sorry to say our schooner, the *Agnes*, drove ashore and remains on the beach (at or near Nain—Ed.) badly damaged. Also, nearly all the Eskimo boats at Nain at the time got badly smashed."

The *Agnes* was built many years ago for use at Makkovik by Br. H. Jannasch, the founder and builder of that station. However, for the last few years she has been in use at Nain. We hope she is not so badly damaged that she cannot be repaired.

According to a newspaper published at Seattle, Wash., U.S.A., a rich gold "strike" has been discovered at Canyon Creek, about twenty-five miles up the Kuskokwim River from Bethel. It is claimed, says the *Moravian*, that over \$100,000.00, or over £20,830, in gold has been taken out by the miners at this place. White men are receiving as much as \$6.00 (25s.) per day in wages, so that all are flocking thither.

What effect this will have on our Mission in Alaska it is hard to say. It may make a market for the reindeer belonging to the Mission, but it will add greatly to the difficulties of the spiritual work carried on by the missionaries, because of the increased temptations which will be sure to assail our Eskimoes.

On Whit Sunday last Bishop Greider, of St. Thomas, D.W.I., was in Sto. Domingo, in connection with the consecration of the new church at La Romana. This was an event of great interest, not only to our own people, but to the whole community, English-speaking as well as Dominican. La Romana is the name given to the Dominican village which, in the last five years, has attained importance through the opening up of the large estate of the Sugar Company that is known as the "Central Romana." The advent of this company and its activities has created a large English-speaking population in the village and on the estate, and for their benefit a fine little stone church has been erected in an excellent and healthy location. The administrator of the estate, Mr. Van Alan Harris, undertook the building of the church, and he and wife as well as other employees of the Company have taken a keen interest in the

enterprise from the beginning, so that, with a united people and a growing community, there should be a fine promise for this the only Protestant church in that part of the Republic.

La Romana lies about 24 miles from San Pedro, and will, at present, be served from there by Br. Bloice and Br. Charles. The people here, as in all our congregations in Sto. Domingo, come from all the islands where our Church is working, and from others like St. Martin and Anguilla, but all are learning the lessons that Christians of any and every denomination can find fellowship with one another, and that where Christ is preached there the child of God can find a spiritual home. Some of these estates, large and populous though they be, afford no religious privileges, but at Consuelo Br. Charles has for a year or more been conducting services and a Sabbath School, and now at Romana the church becomes a centre that should crystallize Christian faith and love about a sanctuary that shall be a blessed source of strong spiritual life. "My experience," writes Bishop Greider, "with the Dominicans generally, in travelling and daily contact, has been of the pleasantest character, and I have found them both friendly and interested. The more our people identify themselves with the country and work for its interests, the more pleasant and happy will it become as a home. The town of San Pedro to-day compares most favourably with those of the more advanced West Indian centres of population. It has well-graded streets, electric light, a beautiful sea-wall along its entire front, and large wharves that can accommodate two or three steamers at one time for loading and unloading, and are scenes of the greatest activity. Beautiful concrete buildings—notably among them being the new Canadian Bank and the public market—adorn the town, besides many private residences that would be a credit to any of our old cities in the West Indies. It is said by many business men that ultimately Romana will become a thriving and populous town as the great sugar company develops its lands, and we hope, and have planned, that it may become, like San Pedro, in a happy and increasing degree, a Christian community."

MISCELLANEOUS INTELLIGENCE.

HOW A HEATHEN LANGUAGE HAD TO YIELD WORDS FOR DEFINITIONS OF CHRISTIANITY.

From the labours of an East African Bible translator; linguistic experiences of Br. R. Stern, former Superintendent of our Unyamwesi Mission.

One thing above all else became clear and important to me, viz., how clearly the visible and the spiritual are in touch with each other, and how both are connected; and I realized that the black man tries to interpret many things by nature. The most difficult part of the language work began when I attempted to translate and transmit the

spiritual and supernatural portions of our faith, and I soon felt that the definitions hitherto used by us were partly wrong, but mostly too abstract.

The grace of God gave me in the Christian Johannes, of Kitunda, a man to whom He could impart His inner knowledge, and who, thus strengthened by the spirit of God, was to explain to us many things in his mother tongue.

1. It was at Easter, 1904. I had written a sermon on the text, Romans 4, 25: "Who was delivered for our offences and was raised again for our justification." The sermon did not seem to me what it should be; it was too European, and I felt depressed. Just then I saw Johannes outside the window on the verandah; I called him in, talked with him about the text, and asked him to tell me what he knew of Jesus. He began to speak, and in the midst of his speaking he used the word "hakupilila." This word-form I had not yet heard; he had to explain it to me, and at last I was permitted to see that out of his heart he had formed and used a splendid word for "Redemption." His sentence had been about this: "Jesu ali hakupilila kuwiswe," that is, "Jesus is the redemption for us." "Hakupilila," then, means the place where and by which I am redeemed, therefore the well-spring of salvation, the redemption. This well-spring is something like the tangible, the visible, for the black man; this is doctrine which can be apprehended by him.

2. When later on Johannes and I again sat together to translate, and were occupied with the definitions of "righteous" and "righteousness," we formed the word "hakugololokela," that is, "righteousness." I asked Johannes: "Do you have this word? Do you know it?" "Yes," he said, "I know it. If I have a crooked pole and want to make it straight, I take two straight poles and ram them into the ground, so close together that only the crooked pole has room between. I put it in there, and bend it so long until it is straight. The place where the crooked pole becomes straight, is the 'hakugololokela.'"

"Well, now," I asked him, "can I say: 'Jesu ali hakugololokela kuwiswe kufuma mavukenaguzi giswe,' that is, 'Jesus is our righteousness out of our sins?'" "Yes," he said, "this is good and correct." Thus we got this word also.

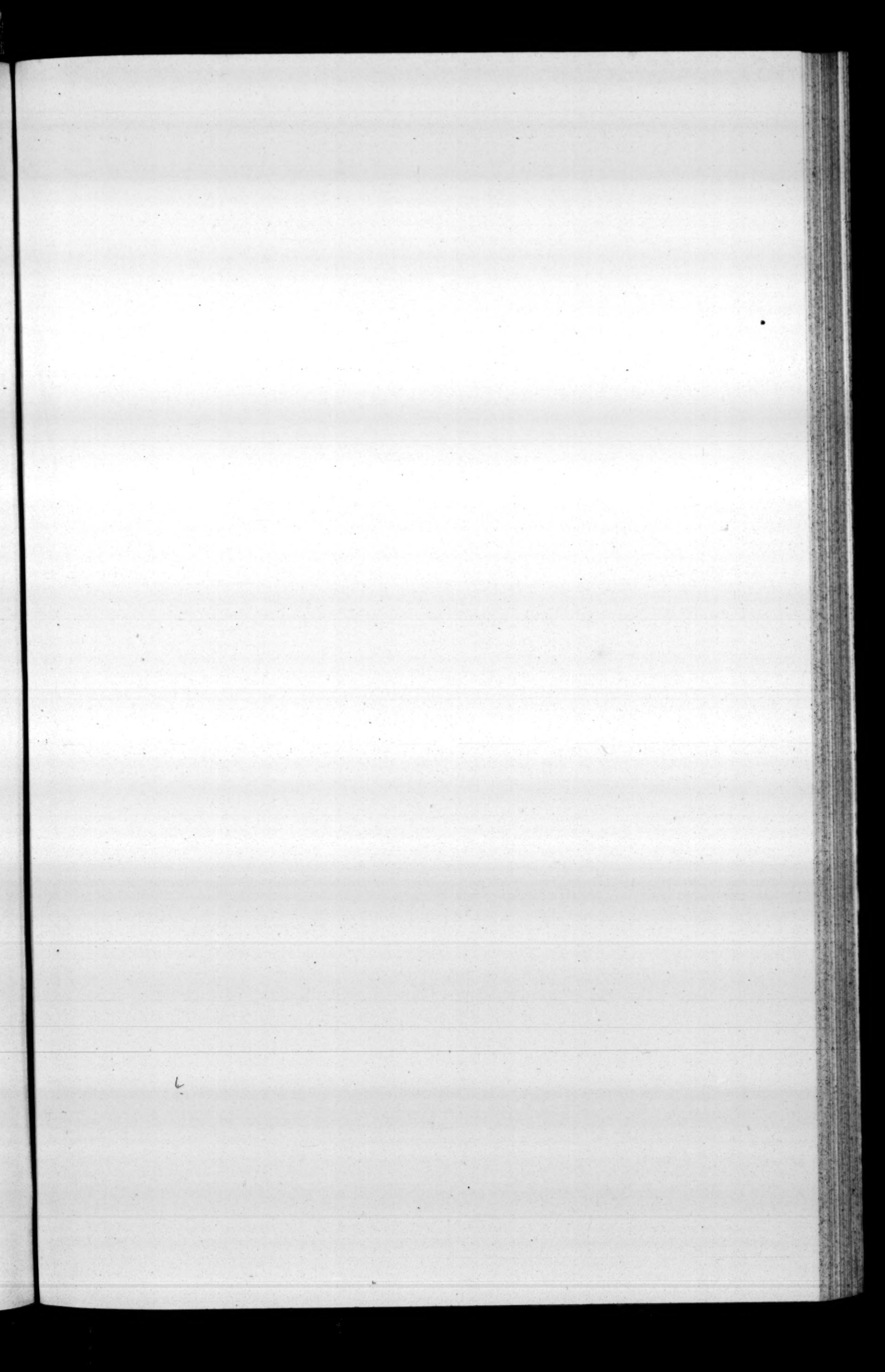
These words, obtained in Kitunda, were passed on to the other stations and there at once examined by the brethren.

One of the most difficult linguistic definitions was the word for "holy, sanctify, sanctification." For years I searched for it and made several attempts to find it. And just there I became convinced that we in Europe are still much too abstract in our lines of thought, and therefore think too much in the European way in the Missionfields. Our way of thinking must become much plainer. The word for "holy" was given to me and my helpers by the Lord, when I was translating the beatitudes. As far as I remember, we sat for three days when we were translating them, especially the eighth verse: "Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God." I cannot recollect my question concerning the word "pure," I only remember this: when I received the word, I replied: "Why did you never tell me that word, if it is used so much?" In reply I was told: "You have never asked us in the right way."

The word for "pure, holy" was "sondo." Now, there are several theological definitions for "holy." The latter may mean both "separated" and "perfect." In the Kinyamwesi language the word for the verb "separate" is "kukomanya," and means to separate your best clothes and hide them away in the hut, so that no thief can get at them. Also, from the above verb I could not derivate other forms, neither adjectives nor nouns. Therefore I felt that this was not the right word for "holy."

Quite different was the case with "sondo," which means "unimpaired, perfect, pure"—also: "after all careful investigation, found without fault," and this latter meaning was important to me. Such investigation of animals does take place among the people.

—From the *Moravian*.





MISSION STATION, KILLINEK, LABRADOR.

PERIODICAL ACCOUNTS

RELATING TO THE

Foreign Missions

OF THE

CHURCH OF THE UNITED BRETHREN

("MORAVIANS").

SECOND CENTURY.

VOLUME IX.

LONDON :

PRINTED FOR THE BRETHREN'S SOCIETY FOR THE FURTHERANCE
OF THE GOSPEL AMONG THE HEATHEN.

SOLD AT 32, FETTER LANE, E.C., AND BY ALL BOOKSELLERS.

1916

